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YOUTH has spoken again and the soundness of its remarks ought to make Age blush, though there is no record of that happening. The Barnard College Student Council, discussing the faculty censorship on outside speakers invited to speak at the college, expresses itself thus:

Resolved, That there is nothing gained in shielding students during four years from problems and ideas they must face during the rest of their life;

That if they are considered incapable of rational judgment upon theories presented to them, the solution lies in further training in scientific method rather than in quarantine from ideas;

That a reputation for fearless open-mindedness is more to be desired for an academic institution than material prosperity;

That, therefore, we wish to go on record as opposing any form of censorship of the college platform. . . .

Recognizing the impossibility of attaining this ideal at present, the Student Council petitions the dean of Barnard College "at least to make the certainty of incurring undesired notoriety for the college the only basis for exclusion of outside speakers." These young things are just about "flapper" age and have many "flapper" traits. But they prove the truth of the remark that the women's colleges are about the most intellectual spots in the United States.

DR. WALLACE W. ATWOOD, president of Clark University, is also head of the Institute of International Information which is one of the features of a new and attractive monthly magazine. His institute engages to send promptly to its members "all the ascertainable facts they may desire regarding industry, science, politics, labor, religion, education, agriculture, or business." Here is a rare opportunity for students of Clark University. By subscribing to the magazine they may be able to obtain from Dr. Atwood that information on those social views of a considerable number of the world's inhabitants which they were forbidden to hear when he closed Scott Nearing's recent meeting. Or will the president of Clark University who "closed the meeting because there were so many of our undergraduate students present" restrict his answers, as head of the Institute, to inquirers who can prove that they are college graduates twenty-one years of age or over?

IN 1919 when the bituminous coal miners struck the whole weight of the Government was used against them. In 1922 when the owners of the bituminous coal mines made a strike inevitable, against the interests of workers and consumers, by refusing, in open repudiation of their contract of March 30, 1920, to confer with the miners on a new wage scale, the Government contents itself with a hands-off policy qualified only by a verbal rebuke for the operators. By this refusal to exert upon the owners a tithe of the pressure everyone knows it would exert upon the workers were the conditions reversed, the Administration again deals a blow to the theory of the impartiality of the state under the present economic system. The operators themselves continue obdurate. Vice-President Ogle of the National Coal Association says the operators will consent to meet the miners only to make State agreements—which is a manifest absurdity in a national industry. He has, however, given a belated assent to a governmental investigation of the coal industry by a permanent fact-finding agency. Such an investigation Congress ought by all means to provide, but it is not enough. Unless the operators reform their industry so that the costs of mismanagement and waste are not thrown upon workers and consumers, it will be necessary—as Senator Borah has pointed out—to consider nationalization. That might be an expensive performance; the dangers of state control are manifest. Those dangers, however, need not be insurmountable if the industry is put under the administration of a tripartite mining council composed of representatives of the executive and technical forces, the miners, and the consumers. How this might be done is interestingly suggested in an article in the current *Survey Graphic* on The Miners' Program, by John Brophy, president of District 2, United Mine Workers of America.

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WHY is the Government of Obregon not recognized? Except Great Britain and France, who follow America's lead, the Powers have recognized this Mexican Administration. In our country the legislatures of the border States of Texas and Arizona, as well as of California, Oklahoma, Kentucky, Maryland, Illinois, and Michigan, have memorialized the Administration urging recognition. It may truthfully be said that virtually no open and avowed opposition to this course exists today, and that prevailing sentiment is overwhelmingly for it. The old propaganda of the oil interests has been generally discredited and its agitation about the killing of Americans in Mexico discounted by corresponding acts in the United States which of course are overlooked by our press. Only last week the Mexican Government called the State Department's attention to three separate murders in Texas of apparently peaceable Mexican citizens. The Mexican impasse reflects the increasing autocracy of our State Department, which has become unresponsive to the public will except when such will coincides with its own inclinations.

JAPANESE troops went into Siberia on the invitation of the United States; the time has come when the United States should with equal warmth invite the Japanese to get out. For four years a Japanese army of occupation has harried the population of Eastern Siberia, impeded its efforts to set up a government, created disorder in an orderly land, seized concessions and rights denied to other foreigners, installed Japanese governing bodies at strategic points in the country, and subsidized bands of counter-revolutionaries and bandits. Japan went in to protect the Czech troops in the Far East. That was in July, 1918. She has stayed in on various pretexts; and as each pretext has faded the prolific mind of the Japanese General Staff has invented another. During these years, with almost incredible valor and obstinacy, the people of Siberia have been at work building up a unified, democratic state—the Far Eastern Republic. Every American official who has been in the Far East in the past three years has testified to the responsible character and the democratic form of that Government. So far as we know every informed American—such men as General Graves, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Smith of the Inter-Allied Railway Commission, our former Minister to China, Mr. Reinsch—favors the immediate recognition of the Far Eastern Republic. Both of the American Government commissions sent to investigate conditions in Siberia, one headed by Dr. Abbott and one by Mr. Caldwell, have made favorable reports. While we wait, Japan digs her toes more deeply into the soil of Siberia, and the Russian people continue to suffer. Let us demand that the State Department take immediate action to end this situation by recognizing the Far Eastern Republic and inviting the Japanese to withdraw.

"TOO late" may yet be written over the grave of efforts which if made in time would have saved the Irish situation. Mr. de Valera's avowal of respect for the authority of the Dail and his defense of free speech in Ireland have had little effect upon the section of the Irish republican army which has openly repudiated the authority of the Dail and smashed the equipment of the *Freeman's Journal*. And women and children are still the victims of the Ulster pogroms despite the admirable agreement arrived at in London by representatives of the Irish, Ulster, and British Governments. Deprived of the power of real leadership, both Mr. de Valera and Sir James Craig may face the alternative of going with a military machine or being crushed by it. The idea of an army dictatorship in Ireland is in large part an answer to the military dictatorship set up by the British in Ulster when they created the Ulster specials, which was confirmed and strengthened by Sir James Craig when he turned over the military to that hot imperialist Sir Henry Wilson and pledged his word that whatever scheme Sir Henry recommended would be "carried out in full, regardless of cost or consequence." If now at the eleventh hour Belfast pogroms are stopped and the London agreement is carried out in good faith, the appeal of the irreconcilables in Ireland who believe they have been tricked into abandoning the republic without obtaining even ordinary security for their co-religionists in Ulster will lose most of its force.

THE London *Morning Post* (we find it almost impossible to resist quoting the *Morning Post* at least once a week) has said the last word on the vicious, headstrong, unrestrained character of British labor. It is much exercised over the unruly nature of the engineers (machinists) who have violently allowed themselves to be locked out—to the number of some 850,000—by their long-suffering employers. Heading its comment A Bad Record the *Post* says: "The engineers, who are the center of the new industrial dispute, seem fated to engage in hopeless fights. Three times in less than 100 years they have been engaged in similar struggles, and in no case have they been successful." But then if men will constantly kick against the pin-pricks, how can they hope for success? Three times in less than 100 years! Will labor never give old England a rest?

AT best, hardships to individual immigrants are sure to follow upon the enforcement of the present Immigration Quota Law; the least the Senate can do—now that the House has voted to extend the operations of the law for another year—is to incorporate the modest recommendations recently made by the Conference on Immigration Policy. These recommendations would eliminate some of the worst evils that have followed upon the new law. They would regulate the flow of immigrants from Europe by a control of passport visas, issuing them only within the limits of the quota for each country. They would allow a citizen or an alien of three years' standing who intends to become a citizen to bring into the United States his or her wife, husband, widowed mother, children under sixteen years of age, or parents over fifty-five, even when such persons are in excess of the quota. They would require steamship companies knowingly bringing aliens in excess of the quota to refund to these deported persons their passage-money and return them free of charge to the port of embarkation. They would return to deported aliens the cost of their passport visas. All this is good and, if it is incorporated in the law, would help Commissioner Tod to make Ellis Island a place fit for the reception and detention of human beings. But more is needed. The human problems involved in the flow of immigrants through the island cannot be solved by an inadequate staff of officials already overburdened with routine duties. It is vitally necessary that a welfare-director be appointed with authority to administer the social work of the island and to coordinate the efforts of the many welfare societies carrying on activities which are at present undirected and in many cases haphazard or actually pernicious.

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CONSTRUCTIVE action by statesmen breeds constructive suggestions from the press. Lillian Russell has gone and come on a special mission to investigate immigration from Europe. Now we propose that William Jennings Bryan be sent to investigate the New Thought of Czecho-Slovakia, and John F. Hylan the higher art of the Mediterranean littoral, and William Randolph Hearst the progress of civic reform in Scandinavia, and Al Jolson the color problem in the Dutch East Indies, and Jack Dempsey the child labor laws of Irkutsk, and Charlie Chaplin the height of Mount Everest, and Billie Burke the metal industries of New South Wales. Let us encourage amateurs. Let us have done with the tyranny of experts. The new motto seems to be: Try Everything Once.

PRESENT prospects point to more travel to Europe this spring and summer than at any time since 1914. The one serious brake is the steamship fares, which are higher, even allowing for a 75 per cent advance in the cost of living, than they were in 1914. To a considerable extent this high cost of ocean travel is due to an inflated standard of comfort —to the attempt to provide accommodations more and more "luxurious" and "palatial"—while a large number of potential travelers are awaiting something simpler and cheaper. The United States Shipping Board has taken a step in the right direction by simplifying and increasing the accommodations on five of its vessels, upon which first-class fares between New York and London will be reduced from a basic rate of $190 to $120. We need to go farther than this, however—to put into service an increasing number of vessels carrying only one class of passengers, rated as second or third. Such vessels overcome the American prejudice (unreasonable, to be sure, but not easily surmounted) against traveling second or third class on vessels which also carry first-class passengers. Previous to the European War transatlantic passages were obtainable on second-class steamships, carrying only one class, at from $45 to $60; they ought to be had now for from $75 to $100. There are idle ships all over the world. A considerable number of them could be adapted to passenger traffic at reduced rates and operated both at an economic and at a social profit.

AT last! The House, after hours of bushwhacking debate, has voted the resolution already passed by the Senate releasing our prior lien on Austria's assets. This is the lien which has held up European loans to Austria. Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Jugoslavia, Greece, Holland, Great Britain, France, and other nations had already taken similar action; we lagged behind, while Austria's plight slipped from bad to worse. The resolution merely authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to extend for 25 years a loan, originally made to purchase wheat as a relief measure, on which no interest has been or is likely to be paid. Yet the Congressmen thundered for hours, and thundered pro and con in blissful ignorance of what it was all about. Representative Fordney of Michigan sponsored the resolution. His reply to Mr. Garrett of Tennessee was typical:

Mr. Garrett: Does the gentleman know whether there is a starving child in Austria now?

Mr. Fordney: Only by hearsay. I do not know anything about it. I never was there.

One Democrat, W. Bourke Cockran, and the lone Socialist, Meyer London, alone appeared to know what the debate was about.

PROFESSORS and politicians now rise up to call the radio blessed. The University of Wisconsin, Tufts College, and other institutions of higher learning are to employ radio-telephony in their extension courses. Who knows how many a young man who could not be persuaded to read the most brilliant lectures will listen to them when they are caught out of the air by instruments he himself has rigged up? We suspect that the earnest professor may find wholesale telephoning a dubious substitute for personal contact, but for the politician radio is clear gain. How infinitely pleasanter to talk to the Women's Club of Gopher Prairie from a comfortable office than to go there; how much more hygienic to kiss the babies by wireless than on their faces! And how much cheaper, since Uncle Sam pays for the radio even as he does for the *Congressional Record*. Already the Democrats are up in arms because their Republican brethren are monopolizing the government radio stations. A fine sense of the fitness of things would, we suspect, bar the average political speech on either side as quite unworthy of the human genius which had devised so extraordinary a means of communication. But once in a while there is a public speech worth broadcasting at public expense. Such, for instance, was the fine appeal against hate of Germany and for reconciliation recently made by Mr. Houghton, our new Ambassador to Germany, with the approval of the President.

THE *Liberator* saucily suggests that the appearance of Emma Goldman's anarchistic fulminations against Soviet Russia in the New York *World* indicates that Miss Goldman has converted the *World* to anarchism. But as a matter of fact any hater of the Russian Revolution in any of its phases has always been good enough for the newspapers, and in this case the *World* has been particularly scrupulous in its headlines and in its editorial comment not to exploit Miss Goldman's attack beyond its merits. Some Americans will be surprised at such abuse of the revolution by a revolutionary, but only those who do not know Miss Goldman. She is an intense and sincere anarchist; any centralized state is anathema to her. The Russian state, with its frank avowal of reliance upon a class dictatorship controlling press and public utterance, is even more abhorrent to her than the Western system of camouflaged dictatorship. The bureaucracy and the centralization of which she so vividly complains are evils common to socialist and capitalist states —in Russia primarily a heritage from the latter—and easy targets in both for the anarchist critic. Many a reader who shouted bloody murder when Miss Goldman denounced prohibition of information about birth control, or conscription, or the debased press in America will nod approval at her strictures of Russia. Much of her criticism is valid, but it would be nonsense to assume that Miss Goldman is a repentant revolutionist shocked at a revolution; she is, as she has been, a consistent anarchist, persistently critical of the state, bourgeois or socialist.

THE long guns of several kinds of piety are being trained upon that clergyman of Washington who at the Disarmament Conference offered an opening prayer without a reference—since there were non-Christians present—to Christ. He seems to have thought that he was merely showing good manners. But what, say certain of the "pious," are good manners among Christians, where only the feelings of "heathen" are concerned?

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"Less of Armament"

THE Conference on the Limitation of Armaments did not labor in vain. The Washington treaties have been ratified by the United States Senate, and Mr. Arthur Balfour has been made a Knight of the Garter by the two Georges. The reign of peace is about to begin. To make sure of it the British have put Mr. Gandhi in prison, the Japanese keep troops in Siberia and North Sakhalin, the United States maintains martial law in Haiti, and the French threaten to occupy the Ruhr and to change their ratio in the naval treaty from 1.75 to 2.5.

Rude voices intrude upon the rejoicing. The Senate is sure that the Four-Power Treaty is no alliance, but one of its authors, Senator Underwood, admits that should Russia attack Sakhalin she would find herself "involved" in serious difficulties with Great Britain, France, and the United States, as well as with Japan. And Baron Uchida, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, is quoted as saying: "The Four-Power treaty was not intended to abrogate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, but rather to widen and extend it." No foreigner, though, but Senator Wadsworth has dealt our faith its cruelest blow. After expressing his belief that explosive shells were in their permanent effects more horrible than gas he proceeds:

> In the future, if a country is fighting for its life, don't you think that this treaty [on chemical warfare] or any other treaty could prevent it from taking advantage of the chemical arm. . . . I don't think in a time like that this provision would be worth the paper that it is written on.

The one thing that might discredit Senator Wadsworth's prophecy no government in the world is doing. That one thing would be the absolute abolition of the chemical service in the armies. Instead, reports the New York *World:*

> A commission of British experts headed by Colonel M. L. Wilkinson is now in the United States investigating American methods of producing noxious gases, with a view to incorporating into British practice any improvements. . . . Great Britain holds that the only adequate defense against poison gas in the hands of a possible enemy is preparedness. . . . American army officials said today that nothing would be kept secret from the British experts.

This last statement has, we believe, been denied by the War Department, which says that it is showing the British officers only what it would show the officers of any country; but the story stands as a proof of the good-fellowship among professional soldiers of different countries and not at all as evidence of good faith among governments in the abolition of poison gas.

These same soldiers are tremendously wrought up over the very moderate action of the House in reducing the army to 11,000 officers and 115,000 men. General Harbord says that "the country travels in a vicious circle of unpreparedness and post-war economy." Naval officers insist that with our reduced navy we should have a personnel of 128,000 —an increase of 28,000 over our present strength! It makes one wonder whether they have heard of the Washington Conference or whether they, like miserable radical cynics, discredit its usefulness. Perhaps in their case a natural desire to preserve their own profession may warp their judgment. They might reflect on the frankness of a New York physician. A colleague at a medical meeting had attacked the so-called Cornell dollar clinic for pauperizing the people. This honest man declared that he was not worrying about pauperizing the people but the physicians! Might not an honest officer make a similar avowal that it is his profession rather than his country which is menaced by a reduction in armament?

We confess less fear than the soldiers of the iniquity of mankind and less trust in the ancient method of preparing for war in order to obtain its opposite—peace. Senator Borah, who initiated the congressional campaign for disarmament, has fittingly summarized the present situation:

> What has been realized is, however, very little when compared with what is still to be done. If this treaty [the naval agreement] can be regarded as a beginning we cannot praise it too much. If on the other hand it represents a completed work, then it must be declared to be a misfortune, for as we all know, the submarine, the airplane, and other instruments of warfare, the possibilities of which in the way of destruction cannot be overestimated, are not touched by this compact.

There you have it. The Washington treaties taken as a whole express a desire for peace. They lessen the tension of competitive navalism. But if the people are deceived by them into believing that agreement among empires is a satisfactory substitute for the abolition of imperialism and that a step toward limitation of armament is equivalent to the outlawry of war, then by reason of that deception our last state will be worse than our first.

American Imperialism in Samoa

THE NATION for March 15 included an article by Samuel S. Ripley and documentary material in the International Relations Section tending to show that the Navy Department was exercising the same high-handed and autocratic control in the Samoan Islands that this journal has exposed in connection with our treatment of various Caribbean republics. We present in this issue (p. 425) the Navy Department's defense, as embodied in a letter to Mr. Ripley's attorney, together with two agreements with Samoan chiefs upon which the United States bases its claim to sovereignty.

The United States obtained the right to establish a coaling station at Pago Pago by treaty with Samoa in 1878; a year later similar concessions were obtained by Great Britain and Germany. Political intrigue followed, of the sort all too familiar when "civilized" nations vie with one another for the control of a weaker country. Native wars were incited and in the course of a disturbance in 1899 several British and American sailors were killed. Thereupon Germany, Great Britain, and America undertook the partition of the Samoan group, the first two countries renouncing their rights and claims in Tutuila, Manua, and various smaller islands in favor of the United States. Ten years earlier, however, all three Powers had signed a convention with Samoa in which they recognized its independence. Hence, the United States could not receive any rights of sovereignty from Germany and Great Britain, the latter having none to give. We at once proceeded to administer "American Samoa," however, arranging for the trifling lack of any right to be there by two *ex post facto* agreements with native chiefs, the first concluded in 1900 and the second in 1904—neither of them acted upon by Congress.

Accepting these agreements at their face value (and what such instrument bears too close scrutiny?), it is obvious that they give America only *sovereign* rights in Samoa;

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they do not give any *proprietary* rights whatever—that is, ownership of the land itself. Yet we have acted as if we had the latter. How else explain or justify the deportation of an American citizen from American soil, as recounted by Mr. Ripley in his article? The whole of our territory has, in fact, been established as a "naval station" and is administered as a pocket government by the Secretary of the Navy, with the same autocratic methods and the same disregard for the rights and welfare of the natives that we have shown in Haiti and in Santo Domingo.

It is this question of administration that is most important. Had our trust in Samoa been exercised wisely and justly in the interest of the natives, it is doubtful if they would now question the way in which we came by it. But the fact is that American occupation has caused acute unrest. Among the charges against it are that the Fono, or native assembly, has been suppressed, that no adequate accounting has been made of money raised by taxation of the natives, that no effective school system has been developed, that the only substantial highway construction consists of a concrete road within the naval station proper, and that generally the naval administration has been such as to degrade and exploit the people. To these charges the Navy Department makes no defense except to fall back on reports from the Governor of the territory, which present statements of improved health, educational, and industrial conditions.

Well, what of it? Samoa is a tiny patch on the Pacific a long way off, say some, and we have more important matters to settle here at home. Have we? *The Nation* does not attack American imperialism in the Caribbean or the Pacific primarily in the interest of the people there oppressed or exploited, although that would be a worthy purpose. More important is the effect of such action at home. Imperialism is ingrowing. For proof of which what better example is there than the changing character of our Federal Government in recent years?

Paid—Eleven Billion Gold Marks

CHANCELLOR WIRTH says that Germany cannot possibly meet the demands made by the Reparation Commission, and as a result the French are waving their swords and talking about seizing the Ruhr. But six weeks of palavering remain, and while there will be alarms and threats and ultimatums galore in that period six weeks of talk is likely to discover a temporary solution. We hope that in the course of those six weeks the Germans will bring forward the utmost possible proposals and hold nothing in reserve. There have been too many German statements of impossibility followed by discoveries of possibility. Such exaggerated claims give apparent support to French talk of German insincerity.

The essential facts of the reparations situation are seldom set before American readers. We hear a great deal of skilful propaganda about French taxes and French suffering, and we even receive Western papers quoting Miss Anne Morgan, chairman of the American Committee for Devastated France, as saying that Germany has never paid a cent of indemnity. She probably said rather that France had not received a cent of money on the reparations account—which, because of the absurd post-war system established by the Treaty of Versailles and subsequent agreements, was, until recently, technically true. But *Germany paid to the Allies, from the armistice to the end of 1921, 11,400,000,000 gold marks* in cash or in kind.

Germany has paid the Allies 11½ billion gold marks—that is the first essential fact. (We take these figures from the semi-official Paris *Temps*.) Very little of that went to reparations. The first 3,800 millions had to be repaid on account of food credits, 110 millions went to the expenses of the numerous highly paid Allied commissions which have been running about Germany for one reason or another, and 4,240 millions paid the expenses of the huge armies of occupation up to May 1, 1921—at least half of which might easily have been saved for the reparations account. In the end, only about 3 billions remained for the reparations account, and 2½ billions of that was in the form of unliquidated state property in ceded territories. Since January 1 Germany has paid another quarter-billion gold marks in cash and securities, and an undefined sum in goods.

Germany, of course, cannot be held responsible for the fact that the huge payments which she has made have been diverted to pay for the two castles occupied by the French commander in the Rhineland, or for the new permanent brick barracks built for French troops at Ludwigshafen, or for the wines charged to the expense account of the commissions in Berlin. Germany has been paying, and paying heavily. She still is paying.

Another form of current propaganda compares the tax burden in Germany and France. The usual method is to translate the per capita tax from paper marks and paper francs into gold dollars, which shows a per capita gold tax in France higher than in Germany. This is done in a great many of the news dispatches from Paris. Now, without delving into the statistical methods of computing per capita taxation, it is clear that the important point in considering the relative burden of taxation is to know what part of a man's income is taxed away from him. A tax of $20 upon an income of $200 is more burdensome than a tax of $40 upon an income of $500. And Germany is in the position of a very low-salaried man. The new Allied demands have driven the market value of the German mark (par value 23.8 cents) below three-tenths of a cent. An income of $300 a year would mean in Germany 100,000 marks—a very high income, even today. The per capita dollar income in France, with the franc at nine cents—46 per cent of par—is obviously far higher than in Germany, with the mark at 1.3 per cent of par. The increases in paper income have lagged far behind the decrease in exchange value of the mark. Loose statements that Frenchmen pay heavier taxes than Germans must be regarded as mere juggling of words and figures, intentionally or unintentionally misleading.

We do not mean that Germany cannot increase her tax program. She probably can—somewhat. But the capital levy of one billion gold marks which Wirth has succeeded in steering through the Reichstag after endless discussion and compromise was in its measure heroic, and further taxation must be even more surgical. The casual demand of the Reparation Commission for another 60 billion paper marks taxation was economically preposterous and politically impossible, in effect a mere aggravation of insult. Germany cannot do it. Not until the Allies squarely face these facts can conferences, whether at London, Boulogne, or Genoa, achieve results. Lloyd George's half-hearted victory in Parliament and Poincaré's promise to yield no tittle of French "rights" indicate instead more stubborn futility.

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The Opinions of Anatole France

Recorded by PAUL GSELL

Professor Brown of Australia

JOSEPHINE showed in Mr. Brown, professor of philology at the University of Sydney. He is a stout, robust man, with a brick-red complexion, and clean-shaven upper lip and chin. His powerful muscles are a proof of his assiduous cult of golf and polo. He wears gold spectacles. His red hair, brushed down in front, is as stiff as the bristles of a boar.

We were struck by his Anglo-Saxon elegance. Seen at close hand, his suit was a coarse-grained tweed, showing every color in the rainbow, but from a distance it assumed the greenish, indefinite color of split-pea soup. A small red tie, which affected an air of conquest, was attached to his soft collar, from which his bull neck emerged. Tan shoes, as long and as broad as a steamboat, completed the dress of this solid and learned Australian.

"What can I do for you, Professor?" asked Anatole France.

"I was looking for . . . I wanted to know the mystery . . . the secret of literary genius. . . ."

"If I understood you rightly, you are preparing a thesis on literary genius."

"Yes!" shouted Professor Brown, radiant at having been understood. "Yes, yes."

"Well, just as you came in our conversation, by a happy coincidence, turned upon one of the greatest geniuses of France and of the whole world, Rabelais."

"Yes. Rabelais. Yes." Mr. Brown's eyes beamed with joy.

"What is the secret of his genius? You ask me a thorny question. By what qualities did he surpass other writers?"

"Has it not been said that he wrote badly?" some one objected.

"All great authors write badly," said Anatole France. "That is well known. At least, the pedants say so. Great writers are impetuous. The vigor of their vocabulary, the intensity of their style, the daring of their phrases, disconcert the pedants. To the pundits good writing apparently means writing according to rules. But born writers make their own rules, or rather, make none. They change their manner at every moment, as inspiration dictates; sometimes they are harmonious, sometimes rugged, sometimes indolent, and sometimes spirited. So, according to the common notion, they cannot write well. And why deny it? Rabelais is not free from faults. His litanies of nouns, his strings of epithets, his lines of verbs, undoubtedly prove his inexhaustible imagination, but they make his style heavy. His phrases often lack suppleness, cadence, and balance. . . ."

One of us suggested: "Molière also writes badly."

"Yes, indeed, Molière also writes badly, and so do Saint-Simon, and Balzac, and all the others, I tell you! In Molière's time certain writers, Saint-Evremond and Furetière, for example, used a much more polished syntax. They were purer. Only, Molière is Molière, that is to say, not a good, but a great writer."

Professor Brown did not lose a word of the discourse. He was listening with his ears, of course, but also with his wide-open eyes, and, above all, with his gaping mouth. Suddenly he plunged bravely into the stream of talk.

"I . . . always thought . . . that the great . . . writers were those . . . who worked hardest."

With the utmost courtesy France asked him: "Perhaps you are thinking, Professor, of the famous adage of Buffon: 'Genius is a long patience.'"

"Ah!" said the Australian emphatically, his eyes swimming with infinite gratitude.

"Well, I strongly suspect that this sentence is untrue."

Mr. Brown's features were veiled in sadness, but he opened his mouth more eagerly than ever.

"Yes, that maxim is false. Geniuses are not the most painstaking of men. Or rather, there is no hard-and-fast rule. Some men of genius, I grant, are very diligent. Our Flaubert is one of them. He tried a hundred phrases in order to write one. And Dumas *fils* very justly said of him: 'He is a cabinet-maker who cuts down a whole forest to make a wardrobe.' But other geniuses are careless to excess, and this kind is perhaps the least rare. In Rabelais, to return to that subject, many careless slips are noticeable. He consecrated to his work, as he has told us himself, 'only such time as was devoted to the needs of the body, to wit, while eating and drinking.'

"He did not write, he dictated, and he gave rein to his imagination. Consequently, the dimensions of his giants vary continually. Sometimes they are taller than the towers of Notre-Dame, sometimes they scarcely exceed human measurements. At the end of the second book he announces that Panurge is going to marry and that his wife will make a cuckold of him in the first month of their wedded life; that Pantagruel will find the philosopher's stone and that he will wed the daughter of John the priest, king of India. But not one of these things happens in the following books. Rabelais completely forgot his fine program. In short, he was the most careless of geniuses.

"And coming to one of your own geniuses, Professor, could not Shakespeare, too, be caught in the very act of carelessness? For instance, he says repeatedly that the witches made three prophecies to Macbeth. In truth, they greet him with three titles, Thane of Glamis, Thane of Cawdor, and King. But as Macbeth was already Thane of Glamis when they appeared to him, there were only two prophecies, not three, with all due respect to the great Will. I will not dwell on the port of Bohemia, on the clock which strikes the hour in ancient Rome, and on many other charming points which you know.

"Ignorance or carelessness. In any case you can see in what a free-and-easy fashion geniuses botch their sublime works. Whatever may be said, patience is the least of their virtues. They take no pains. They are great as beautiful women are beautiful—without effort. That idea, I admit, clashes somewhat with current morality. People would like to think that glory is achieved at the cost of some labor. When geniuses are presented as models to young people, the latter are usually told: 'Work hard! Grind away! and you will be like them.' And that, indeed, would be more just. But then, what does nature care for justice! Mediocrities sweat blood only to produce rubbish. Geniuses create wonders without an effort. In short, it is much easier to produce a masterpiece than a rhapsody, for all things are easy . . . to the predestined mortal."

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Mr. Brown seemed to be overwhelmed. He persisted, however, in his inquiry. "Then, Monsieur French, do you not think that the chief quality of the great writers is beauty of imagination?"

"Wealth of imagination?"

"Oh!"

"Perhaps."

"Indeed," said Remy de Gourmont, who was present, "nothing is less certain. Almost all celebrated authors, on the contrary, have cut their finest garments from pieces of cloth which other hands have woven. As Molière put it, they took their material where they found it. The more one reads Rabelais, Molière, and La Fontaine, to mention only these, the more the share of their own inventiveness diminishes."

"Very true, my dear friend," commented Anatole France. "The raw material rarely belongs to them. They borrow it, and simply give it a new turn. Nowadays there is a rage for skinning geniuses. It is a fashionable pastime. People look for the sources of their works. Their detractors denounce their plagiarisms. Their devotees do the same, but they are careful to say that when the peacock subtracts some blue feathers from the jackdaw to mix with the eyes of its tail, the jackdaw has no reason to complain, because the peacock has done it a great honor. And when the opponents and the devotees of a cult have struggled for some twenty years over an idol, it would seem as if nothing remains but dust. What survives of Rabelais after the researches of the Rabelaisians, and of Cervantes after those of his adorers, and of Molière after those of the Molièrists?

"In truth, I believe they remain what they always were, that is, very great men. But modern criticism, by showing us where they went to find each little stone of their mosaic, might end by persuading us that their reputation is undeserved. So far as Rabelais is concerned, for instance, nothing more belongs to him. They say, this page is Tory, that is Lucian, this is from Thomas More, and that from Colonna.

"It is all true. What is more, Rabelais actually seems less intelligent than the authors from whom he derives his inspiration, yes, less intelligent. Compare the 'Icaromenippus' of Lucian with the episode of the wood cutter Couillatris in the prologue to the Fourth Book of 'Pantagruel.' You will see that Rabelais appears less intelligent than Lucian. In the 'Icaromenippus' Jupiter, having opened a little trap-door at the foot of his throne, leans over it to listen attentively to the prayers of mortals. Filled with a sense of equity, the father of gods and men puts carefully aside the reasonable requests, in order to grant them, and he blows furiously upon the swarm of unjust prayers, in order to drive them away from him.

"The Jupiter of Rabelais, on the contrary, follows no method. As the appalling din of the supplications rising from the whole universe is head-splitting, he completely loses his wits. He muddles everything, and it is a matter of mere chance whether he showers benefactions upon men or overwhelms them with misfortunes. Yet, observe that, in this extravagant form, the buffoonery borders on the sublime. With Lucian it was a rhetorical elaboration. With our Rabelais it is a profound satire on the blindness of Destiny.

"That is the way great men make mistakes. Whatever they may do, they are always right, because what they invent is not the result of cold calculation, but of a powerful natural instinct. They create just as mothers bring children into the world. All the statues they model have the breath of life, though they know not why. Even though their statues be twisted and deformed, they are alive, they are not still-born, whereas those modeled by other sculptors according to the rules are dead."

Mr. Brown was more and more discouraged, because he did not succeed in discovering why men of genius are superior to vulgar mortals. Every time he thought he had lit upon a point of superiority it vanished under analysis. With the energy of despair, he managed to stutter:

"If the great writers . . . do not imagine the things themselves . . . they write them better, perhaps. . . ."

"You say that they have the merit of composing well.

"Frankly, Professor, I think that you are deceiving yourself in this. I know, of course, that composition usually is regarded as the primary condition of the art of writing. It is one of those eternal verities which our respectable university teaches its offspring as inalterable dogmas. No salvation without plan! Such is the doctrine. Literary work is regarded as a sort of theorem whose propositions are mutually determined, follow one another, and hasten toward the Q. E. D. But nothing of the kind is visible in the work of many geniuses. Rabelais, Cervantes, and Swift troubled very little about the construction of their novels.

"It is only too clear that Master Alcofribas had not the slightest idea of what he was driving at. When he began 'Pantagruel' there is no doubt that he did not know exactly what he was going to put into it. The episodes happen without any order, and all are perfect. What more is needed? It is a capricious and heavenly excursion.

"Panurge wants to take unto himself a wife, but he is deeply afraid that he will be made a cuckold. Thereupon he consults the wise men and the fools. Then he sets off to consult the oracle of the Bottle, and we embark with him upon the dark blue sea, zigzagging our course from shore to shore. All the time adventures are related which have nothing whatever to do with the gnawing anxiety of Panurge. Where is the plan in all that?

"The finest masterpieces are made in compartments, into which the writer puts whatever he likes. They expand, swell out, and distend as they are made. Encouraged by the success of his first book the author continues.

"That is what happened with 'Pantagruel' and also with 'Don Quixote.' Like Rabelais, Cervantes follows only his own fancy. He advances, retraces his steps, runs, stops, rests in the fields, and plunges into the woods. Now he is among the shepherds, now among the nobility, now among brigands. He has no goal. He showed such indifference in his 'Don Quixote' that any other man would assuredly have lost, but he won. Some have that privilege. . . .

"I am sure that you have legitimate reasons for admiring the disorder of Rabelais and Cervantes. What, after all, does it matter where they lead us? Are we not only too happy to dawdle with them in the thousand flowery halting-places along the road? The very disconnectedness of their plots is an imitation of the surprises of life. It is like the succession of day following day. And then, it must be admitted, a more robust unity is visible in their works than that of a well-connected plot. That is the cohesion of their spirit. The episodes are scattered, but the thought which plays all through them is always clear and well defined. It

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is a beautiful, internal radiance which illuminates, vivifies, and harmonizes the most varied adventures. What nobility, what pride, in 'Don Quixote,' for example! What amiable sarcasm! What lofty poetry! What kindness! . . ."

Professor Brown was not satisfied. He stared at the floor in gloomy silence.

"Tell me, Professor, I beg you," asked Anatole France, "whence comes this worried look upon your face?"

"Ah! M. French, I am less advanced now than when I came in, for, if I have understood you aright, great writers have no merit, neither correctness of style, nor the labor which makes perfection, nor imagination, nor method in the arrangement of their stories."

"Let us be quite clear. Some have those qualities, but many others have not, and yet they are geniuses. That proves they are not indispensable to great writers."

"Then, tell me what qualities are indispensable?" His distress was comic. He looked like a drowning man searching for a buoy in a raging sea.

"Dear Mr. Brown, what is a quality and what is a defect? We must know that, first of all." He remained thoughtful for a moment, then addressed us all: "Yes. It is true. These terms are all relative. What seems good to one judge, seems bad to another. And, above all, what is a quality for one generation becomes a defect for the following.

"For example, Juliet says to Romeo:

'If my kinsmen do see thee, they will murder thee.'

"Whereupon Romeo replies:

'There lies more peril in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords.'

"We call that preciosity and to us it seems a defect. Another example: In 'Hamlet' Laertes, weeping for the death of his sister Ophelia, who has just drowned herself, cries piteously:

'Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears.'

Instead of moving us, that makes us laugh, does it not?

"As you know, the great Will was full of such conceits. We criticize them, for, in our opinion, they are faults of taste. They are blots which unfortunately tarnish the splendor of Shakespeare. But we must remember that all the writers of Elizabeth's court wrote the same way. There was an epidemic of fustian in poetry. Euphuism was triumphant. The rhymers expressed themselves only in affectations. Love, hatred, hope, sorrow, all the passions were put into puzzles and charades. . . .

"Well, when you come to think of it, if mannerisms were the defect of everybody at the time, then they were not really a defect. On the contrary, they were a quality. The more involved, obscure, and far-fetched a poet was, the more he was applauded. And the chief merit of Shakespeare in the eyes of the English at this time was precisely that we consider his worst defect.

"All the greatest authors are in the same boat. What their contemporaries admired in them is just what displeases us. . . . But I see you are pensive, my dear Gourmont."

"I was thinking that, if the reasons for liking great writers change in this fashion, the traditional admiration shown to them is most mysterious."

"Most mysterious, indeed. After all, if we continue to like them, perhaps it is only because we have got into the habit of doing so."

At this Mr. Brown gave a start. He was scandalized.

"Oh, M. French. Do not say that! Do not say that! I am sure there are qualities in the good authors which always remain qualities, yes, always, always!"

Anatole France gazed ironically at his interrupter, then said slowly, in a conciliatory tone: "Well, maybe you are right, Professor."

And he added, looking at Remy de Gourmont: "Yes. No doubt. Don't you think so? After all . . .! great authors have eternal qualities."

At this point, Mr. Brown's curiosity redoubled, and he opened his mouth wider than ever.

"If the slightest trifle from their pen," continued Anatole France, "enchants us it is because a wise head and a sensitive heart always guide their hand.

"It is a matter of indifference that their syntax is a little shaky, since these very slips are evidence of the powerful drive of the mind which is guilty of the atrocities. It is the syntax of passion.

"It is a matter of indifference that they pillage right and left, and that sometimes they get mixed in the plot of their stories. What matters in them is not the story, however beautifully told, but the opinions and ideas which it clothes. Like nurses rocking babies, they spin us at haphazard adorable stories which go back to the beginning of time. We eagerly swallow the bait, and there is wisdom concealed in the honey of their fables. Thus in the course of centuries the same anecdotes serve to express the varying thoughts of the most enlightened men.

"All really great men have the prime virtue of sincerity. They extirpate hypocrisy from their hearts; they bravely reveal their weaknesses, their doubts, their vices. They dissect themselves. They expose their bared souls, so that all their contemporaries may recognize themselves in this picture, and reject the lies which corrupt their lives. They are courageous. They are not afraid to challenge prejudices. No power, civil, moral, or immoral, can impose upon them.

"Sometimes, it is true, frankness is so dangerous that it would cost them their liberty or even their lives. Under the most liberal, as under the most tyrannical, governments, to proclaim what will be recognized as just and right fifty or a hundred years later is sufficient to incur imprisonment or the scaffold.

"As it is better to speak than to be silent, the wise often behave like fools, in order not to be gagged. They gambol, shake their cap and bells, and give utterance to the most reasonable follies. They are allowed to caper because they are taken for buffoons. This stratagem must not be held up against them. Concerning the opinions which he held dearly Rabelais used to say mockingly: 'I will maintain them to the stake . . . exclusively.' Was he wrong? And if he had gone to the stake would it now be possible for us to enjoy his pantagruelism?

"Great writers have not mean souls. That, Mr. Brown, is all their secret.

"They profoundly love their fellow-men. They are generous. They do not limit their affections. They pity all suffering, and strive to soothe it. They take compassion on the poor players who perform in the comic tragedy, or the tragi-comedy, of destiny. Pity, you see, is the very basis of genius, Professor."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Brown, whose eyes were now shining with joy behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Let me shake your hand, M. French." And he inflicted on him a handshake sufficient to wrench his shoulder from its socket.

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Shall Women Be Equal Before the Law?

By ELSIE HILL, *Chairman of the National Council of the Woman's Party*, and
FLORENCE KELLEY, *Secretary of the National Consumers' League*

Yes!

THE removal of all forms of the subjection of women is the purpose to which the National Woman's Party is dedicated. Its present campaign to remove the discriminations against women in the laws of the United States is but the beginning of its determined effort to secure the freedom of women, an integral part of the struggle for human liberty for which women are first of all responsible. Its interest lies in the final release of woman from the class of a dependent, subservient being to which early civilization committed her.

The laws of various States at present hold her in that class. They deny her a control of her children equal to the father's; they deny her, if married, the right to her own earnings; they punish her for offenses for which men go unpunished; they exclude her from public office and from public institutions to the support of which her taxes contribute. These laws are not the creation of this age, but the fact that they are still tolerated on our statute books and that in some States their removal is vigorously resisted shows the hold of old traditions upon us. Since the passage of the Suffrage Amendment the incongruity of these laws, dating back many centuries, has become more than ever marked.

In all of our States but one the fundamental law is the English common law, modified by the civil law where the influence of France and Spain was felt. Under the English common law a married woman was subject to the will of her husband and without legal identity; the husband was the sole legal head of the house; the father was the guardian of the minor child and had the control of its education and the benefit of its labor. "A mother as such" was "entitled to no power but only to reverence and respect."

Haphazard modifications of this old law by unrelated statutes have created the present anomalous legal position of women in which there is no uniformity. As a matter of fact there are more than fifty points at which the laws of one State or another at present discriminate against women. The National Woman's Party is now making the first complete digest which has ever been made of all these laws in every State—except one, Wisconsin, where the Woman's Party Equal Rights Bill, with modifications to meet local conditions, has already been passed, and men and women made equal before the law.

Because the common law said that the husband was head of the house, husbands may still in at least forty-five of our States decide where their wives must live and vote. At the last election a woman living in Boston with her husband, wrote to the Woman's Party protesting against the fact that though she wished to play a part in the public affairs of Massachusetts, where she spent her entire time, the only place where she could vote was Maine, since her husband for business reasons maintained his voting residence in Maine.

As the head of the house the husband may say also exactly who may and who may not belong to the family circle. In Georgia, as recently as 1914, a woman who supported the family and paid the rent of the house, went to court because her husband insisted upon having a drunken companion constantly about the house, and she insisted upon not having him. The court told her she "was putting the petticoat in a more advanced position than the pantaloons," and that let who would pay the rent, her husband was "head of the house."

In Mississippi, though a husband is entitled to have an adopted daughter live in the house if he wishes, he is also supported by the law if he refuses to allow the child of his wife by an earlier marriage to visit her. Being the head of the house gives a husband control, in many States, of any money which his wife earns within the house. In New Jersey in 1916 a man and his wife lived in the house of an invalid woman for whom the wife did all the housework and acted as nurse. When the woman died without making the payment she had promised for this care the courts ruled that only the husband could sue and receive the compensation because the wife had not been "carrying on a separate business."

Many inconsistencies have grown up out of this law. In Vermont if a married woman runs a business on her own account the profits of the business belong to her, but if she teaches school her salary belongs to her husband, according to a recent court decision. In California the husband is sole manager of the community property, which consists of all that is acquired during the marriage by either husband or wife excepting through gift or inheritance. Her wages and earnings therefore are under his control during life and he can dispose of them without her knowledge or consent. She cannot will one cent of this community property even to her own children, and on her death title to her half passes to the husband absolutely, whereas he has the right to will half of the community to anyone that he pleases, the other half passing to her.

But to most people the legal discriminations against women as mothers will seem more serious than discriminations against them as wives. There are States, including Delaware, Georgia, and Maryland, where the father may will away the guardianship of a child from the mother. There are States in which the father is the sole guardian of the legitimate children—South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, and Ohio. In some of these States the father alone may decide what church a child shall go to, what school he shall attend, when he shall go to work, and what work he shall do. In cases of divorce, in many of these States, unless the charges against the husband are of remarkable severity, the children are awarded to him.

In many States the earnings of minor children belong entirely to the father, and the father alone is entitled to damages in the case of injuries to a child. In Florida the father recovers money damages even for the mental pain and suffering of the mother, occasioned by the wrongful death of her child. A father also has rights superior to a mother's in the matter of inheritance from a child; for instance, in Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, and Arkansas, where if a child dies without a will the father inherits to

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the exclusion of the mother. It is a law which must result in many tragedies. As an illustration: A man in Georgia deserted his wife and small son. The mother, an uneducated woman, supported the child by scrubbing and washing. When he grew to manhood, to repay her, he bought a house and took his mother to live with him. But he died unexpectedly; the father reappeared, turned the mother from the house, and took it for himself, as he has the right to do under the law of Georgia.

The double standard of morals is written into the laws of many States. In only ten States, according to a recent report of the Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, is prostitution an act of the male as well as of the female. In Maryland a white woman who has a child by a Negro or Mulatto may be sentenced to the penitentiary for a number of years, but a white man under the existing Maryland law can have a child by a Negro woman and receive no punishment. This type of discrimination enters also into the divorce laws of more than one State. In Texas a husband is entitled to a divorce for a single act of infidelity on the part of his wife, but a wife is denied a divorce on this ground, and is granted one only if her husband is living in a state of infidelity and in addition has abandoned her.

State education is still not open to women on equal terms. The State University of Florida is closed to women. The State University of Virginia accepts men at the age of 16, while refusing entrance to women until 20 and maintaining a different standard of requirements for each.

There are also laws which discriminate against women as citizens. For instance, there are States which do not permit women to serve on juries, and in at least one, Massachusetts, a ruling has been made since the passage of the Suffrage Amendment to the effect that a woman cannot sit in the legislature.

The National Woman's Party believes that it is a vital social need to do away with these discriminations against women and is devoting its energies to that end. The removal of the discriminations and not the method by which they are removed is the thing upon which the Woman's Party insists. It has under consideration an amendment to the Federal Constitution which, if adopted, would remove them at one stroke, but it is at present endeavoring to secure their removal in the individual States by a blanket bill, which is the most direct State method. For eighty-two years the piecemeal method has been tried, beginning with the married women's property act of 1839 in Mississippi, and no State, excepting Wisconsin, where the Woman's Party blanket bill was passed in June, 1921, has yet finished, even the Empire State defeating a jury-service bill this year and New Jersey, which last year passed a jury-service bill, this year failed to pass seventeen separate bills for the removal of discriminations against women.

The shocking humiliating nature of many of the legal discriminations makes it imperative not to endure unnecessary delay and a common-sense regard for economy of the precious resources of life drives one to seek a better technique.

SECTION 1. Women shall have the same rights, privileges, and immunities under the law as men, with respect to the exercise of suffrage; holding of office or any position under the government, either State or local or for which government funds or subsidies are used, and with respect to remuneration for services in such office or position; eligibility to examination for any position affected by civil-service regulations; jury service; choice of domicile, residence, and name; acquiring, inheriting, controlling, holding, and conveying property; ownership and control of labor, services, and earnings within and without the home, and power to recover damages for loss of such labor, services, and earnings; freedom of contract, including becoming a party in any capacity to negotiable instruments or evidence of indebtedness, or becoming surety or guarantor; becoming parties litigant; acting as executors or administrators of estates of decedents; custody and control of children, and control of earnings and services of such children; grounds for divorce; immunities or penalties for sex offenses; quarantine, examination, and treatment of diseases; and in all other respects.

SECTION 2. This article shall be construed as abrogating in every respect the common-law disabilities of women.

SECTION 3. This act shall not affect laws regulating the employment of women in industry.

SECTION 4. All acts and parts of acts in conflict with any of the provisions of this statute are hereby repealed.

Wisconsin, where the Woman's Party blanket bill modified to meet local conditions was passed in June, 1921, reports the effect as good. Governor Blaine stated recently:

> You ask in your letter of January 12 that I give you my opinion as to the value of the Wisconsin equal-rights law, present and prospective, in the light of our experience. . . .
>
> There are two ways by which discriminations against women may be removed and by which equal rights before the law may be conferred. One method is by a general enactment, such as the law to which I refer, and the other method is by amending a multiplicity of special statutes on a variety of subjects treated in the statutes. The first method is simple and direct; the second is cumbersome, complicated, and inconsistent with the amendment to the Federal Constitution granting full privileges and rights by the fundamental law.
>
> Our experience, therefore, convinces us that the general enactment is in complete harmony with the Federal amendment, and directly effective in establishing full equality of men and women before the law.

In Louisiana the Woman's Party, at the recent special session of the legislature, secured the passage of a number of the provisions of the blanket bill. By this legislation, consent of the wife to the sale or mortgaging of the family home was made obligatory, though until this bill was passed even if the home had been acquired after marriage by the exclusive labor of the wife, the husband could dispose of it without the wife's consent. Women were admitted to membership in the "family meeting," which in Louisiana passes by law upon matters pertaining to the family, and women who are widows were given the right to retain the guardianship of their children after remarriage, a right which a widower but not widows had previously possessed. The Woman's Party also won for Louisiana women, by this recent legislation, rights corresponding with the rights of men in regard to the guardianship of children; the right to be appointed administrators and executors on the same terms with men, to become arbitrators, notaries public, and to act as witnesses, assist public inventories, and to be capable of all kind of engagements and functions, and were given the same rights, authority, privileges, immunities, and obligations as men possess and are required to perform in the election and appointment to, and holding of office, civil and political. The present program of the National Woman's Party is to introduce its Woman's Equal Rights Bill, or bills attaining the same purpose, in all State legislatures as they convene. It is building up in Washington a great headquarters from which this campaign can be conducted, and it is acting in the faith that the removal of these discriminations from our laws will benefit every group of women in the country, and through them all society.

ELSIE HILL

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No!

"The removal of all forms of the subjection of women is the purpose to which the National Woman's Party is dedicated."

A FEW years ago the Woman's Party counted disfranchisement the form of subjection which must first be removed. Today millions of American women, educated and uneducated, are kept from the polls in bold defiance of the Suffrage Amendment. Every form of subjection suffered by their white sisters they also suffer. Deprivation of the vote is theirs alone among native women. Because of this discrimination all other forms of subjection weigh a hundred fold more heavily upon them. In the family, in the effort to rent or to buy homes, as wage-earners, before the courts, in getting education for their children, in every relation of life, their burden is greater because they are victims of political inequality. How literally are colored readers to understand the words quoted above?

Sex is a biological fact. The political rights of citizens are not properly dependent upon sex, but social and domestic relations and industrial activities are. All modern-minded people desire that women should have full political equality and like opportunity in business and the professions. No enlightened person desires that they should be excluded from jury duty or denied the equal guardianship of children, or that unjust inheritance laws or discriminations against wives should be perpetuated.

The inescapable facts are, however, that men do not bear children, are freed from the burdens of maternity, and are not susceptible, in the same measure as women, to poisons now increasingly characteristic of certain industries, and to the universal poison of fatigue. These are differences so far reaching, so fundamental, that it is grotesque to ignore them. Women cannot be made men by act of the legislature or by amendment of the Federal Constitution. This is no matter of today or tomorrow. The inherent differences are permanent. Women will always need many laws different from those needed by men.

The effort to enact the blanket bill in defiance of all biological differences recklessly imperils the special laws for women as such, for wives, for mothers, and for wage-earners. The safeguarding clause affords no adequate safeguard for these protective measures.

For fourteen years the Consumers' League has been engaged, with uniform success, in defending before the highest courts laws which shorten the working day of wage-earning women or provide for minimum-wage commissions. Because this process, however slow and costly, is necessary for the good of the country, in the interest of the public health, we press for answers to certain questions.

If women are subject to the *same* freedom of contract as men, will not women wage-earners lose the statutory eight-hour day, rest at night, and one day's rest in seven, which they now have under statutes that, *pro tanto*, limit their freedom of contract? Could women get for themselves an eight-hour law or a minimum-wage commission in a State where these do not yet exist, and where working men do not care to get them because they prefer for themselves negotiations backed by organizations and strikes?

Why should wage-earning women be thus forbidden to get laws for their own health and welfare and that of their unborn children? Why should they be made subject to the preferences of wage-earning men? Is not this of great and growing importance when the number of women wage-earners, already counted by millions, increases by leaps and bounds from one census to the next? And when the industries involving exposure to poisons are increasing faster than ever? And when the overwork of mothers is one recognized cause of the high infant death-rate? And when the rise in the mortality of mothers in childbirth continues?

If there were no other way of promoting more perfect equality for women, an argument could perhaps be sustained for taking these risks. But why take them when every desirable measure attainable through the blanket bill can be enacted in the ordinary way?

SECTION 3. This act shall not affect laws regulating the employment of women in industry. [The wording of this clause differs from State to State in the blanket bill.]

Concerning legislative innovations, the important point is not the promises made by the advocates *but what the bill itself says* and what experience has taught the people who will be affected by it to expect. Until the items of the blanket bill have been passed upon by the courts, what greater value than patent-medicine advertisements can any claims for the safeguarding clause have?

The proponents point to the Wisconsin law enacted a year ago as having wrought no harm. But new laws are not like bombs. They do not explode. Women cap-makers can never forget that the Sherman Law had been on the statute books for years and wage-earning men and women had been assured that it could never apply to them. In the end, however, under a decision of the United States Supreme Court, that anti-trust law was the cause of the loss of the homes of hundreds of working-class families in a single State and a single industry.

For women new to the field of legislation, however, the term "safeguarding clause" has an attractive sound. They do not know that in the processes of enactment, slow and circuitous (or like a lightning flash in the closing hours of the session), nothing is more easily lost than a safeguarding clause.

In Maryland the blanket bill recently passed the House of Delegates without a repealing clause. If the bill were so enacted, would it (by implication) amend or repeal other laws? Opponents of the bill would argue that any attempted amendment of the existing law is futile without a clear statement of the laws to be changed and their wording as amended. Until the courts had spoken, who could know what the law actually was?

On the other hand, if the blanket bill *with* its sweeping repealing clause should pass unchanged, sooner or later the courts would have to decide whether any laws had been nullified and, if so, which ones. If it should then be held in spite of the safeguarding clause, as might readily happen, that the wage-earning women's protective laws had been repealed, in some States the constructive work of years would be undone. The police power it is true would remain, but fresh legislation would be required to give it life. The police power does not act spontaneously. As a part of a blanket bill, the effect of a sweeping repealing clause is incalculable.

Is the National Woman's Party for or against protective measures for wage-earning women? Will it publicly state whether it is for or against the eight-hour day and minimum-wage commissions for women? Yes or No?

FLORENCE KELLEY

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The Knights of Columbus and the Pelletier Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think for the first time since I have been a reader of *The Nation* I can detect traces of prejudice in editorial comment. The note on the removal of Joseph C. Pelletier from the office of district attorney of Boston is not only unfriendly, it is untrue. And, what appears to me to be more important, the writer of the note has departed from the usual custom of *The Nation* by suppressing important facts. Pelletier was removed by five of the seven Supreme-Court judges of Massachusetts after he, as district attorney, had indicted one of the seven judges and also indicted the attorney general who prosecuted the case against him. Pelletier was tried on twenty-one charges, after thirty had been preferred, the others being dropped for lack of evidence. His judges found him guilty in ten, throwing out eleven. In the ten was one case where Pelletier committed the heinous offense of cracking a joke during a political campaign. I was there when he did it, and if a court can find a man guilty on that count, free speech and the American sense of humor are no more.

What you omit are the very important facts that Pelletier was elected and reelected five times district attorney; that some 200,000 cases passed through his hands in some thirteen years —and he was removed by arbitrary, unelected power for what was judged by that power to be wrongful conduct in nine cases—for the political speech was surely not a case!

When you say that Pelletier used his office as Supreme Advocate of the Knights of Columbus to strengthen his political fences, you really outrage the feelings of every Knight of Columbus. Even Pelletier's enemies (and they are not all not of his faith) have never accused him of this. The Knights of Columbus would quickly dispose of any official, no matter how talented or important, who introduced politics into the Order or the Order into politics.

I am tolerably familiar with the operations of district attorney's offices; I am also familiar with the unparalleled conditions in Boston where the new bloods commit crime by daring to breathe the same air as the bluebloods. Make no mistake, the Pelletier case will be told fully and told often and those of us who know Joe Pelletier as the fine, honest, Catholic gentleman that he is will see him vindicated by other events than votes.

New York, March 11 JOHN B. KENNEDY

[The brief editorial comment on the removal of Mr. Joseph C. Pelletier was neither untrue nor did it suppress facts. As to its being unfriendly, it expressed a definite friendliness toward the vindication of law and honesty. There was no occasion for personal friendliness for the deposed District Attorney any more than for the five Supreme Court judges who deposed him, or for any other personalities in the case. The word "unfriendly" is significant only in that it illumines the extraordinary campaign of defense and justification for a man who has been found flagrantly guilty of malfeasance in high office, of blackmail, extortion, and conspiracy. Now as to the suppression of "important facts." In Massachusetts five out of seven judges constitute a full court. It is true that Pelletier had indicted one of the seven judges—Edward B. Pierce—"for obstructing justice." This indictment, as well as that against Attorney General J. Weston Allen, was brought in after the proceedings against Pelletier had been instituted and at a time when the Attorney General was trying hard to get the case tried. No one in Massachusetts considers these indictments to be anything but an obvious attempt by Mr. Pelletier to draw a red herring across his own trail. But in any event, these indictments are in no sense germane to the main issue. Justice Pierce, for one, did not sit as one of the five judges who tried Mr. Pelletier. Now as to Mr. Pelletier "being tried on twenty-one charges after thirty had been preferred" and being found "guilty in ten." This is rather an extraordinary showing—for the prosecution—in view of the well-known shrewdness of Mr. Pelletier, Mr. Coakley, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Carroll, and Mr. McIsaac, charged to be conspirators with him, especially when one considers the nature of the offenses, all of them dealing with transactions that were necessarily clandestine, involving essential witnesses who paid large sums of money for the very secrecy which the prosecution was trying to uncover. To emphasize that Mr. Pelletier was found guilty of but ten charges, and that 200,000 cases passed through his hands in some thirteen years, is like attempting to exonerate a defalcating bank teller on the ground that in thirteen years of service two hundred million dollars passed through his hands but that he was found guilty of stealing on only ten several occasions sums amounting to $250,000.

As for the alleged joke which Mr. Kennedy says Mr. Pelletier perpetrated, the Supreme Court's decision is specific on this point, viz.:

> On November 15, 1921, the respondent in a public speech before several hundred people used these words: "There is a dirty, low-down propaganda going throughout the city that I am going to withdraw. Tell the man who tells you that, that he is wrong. If he persists, tell him he's a liar. Back it up and I will *nol pros* your case." He concluded this address with the words: "I am not making any cheap political speech, I am giving you facts." In another public address at a different place during the same campaign, he said, in substance: "Oh, no; I am not going to withdraw. If anybody tells you I am going to get out of this fight or contest, call him a liar, back it up, and I will *nol pros* your case." These statements were not made in jest but in earnest. They were incitements to the commission of crime by the public officer whose sworn duty it was to enforce the law, with promise of immunity from criminal prosecution by the one who had the absolute power to make his promise good.

Mr. Pelletier withdrew from the campaign. Quite apart from the question of whether this sort of talk by a district attorney can be considered as a joke, it seems to us that it has a very distinct bearing on his being the "fine . . . gentleman" which our correspondent believes him to be.

As to the statement "Mr. Pelletier was removed by arbitrary unelected power"—in Massachusetts the Supreme Court judges are appointed by the Governor and not, as in some States, elected, and the power and duty of the Supreme Court to sit on this case was given them by virtue of a statute passed by an elected legislature. As well declare that every judicial decision should be subject to review by popular vote.

But more serious than all this is the question raised as to the connection of the Knights of Columbus with Mr. Pelletier. There is no doubt that a shameful and inexcusable A. P. A.-ism has for many years existed in Boston; and conversely there has grown up an equally unjustifiable inverted A. P. A.-ism. But the Pelletier issue should not be and cannot be obscured by an attempt to kick up the dust of religious hatred and bigotry. For years by rumor and whisper in Boston Mr. Pelletier's district attorneyship was made to appear intimately related to the great power and influence wielded by the Knights of Columbus, of which he was Supreme Advocate, and through that organization with the still greater power and influence wielded in Boston by the Catholic church. For years it has been held axiomatic in the spineless Boston press that an attack on Mr. Pelletier, whose misconduct of his office was a matter of general knowledge, and his coterie was in effect a thrust at the Catholic church. For this state of mind Mr. Pelletier himself may easily be exculpated, but as early as November 15, 1920, Mr. Daniel H. Coakley, the most prominent co-conspirator with Mr. Pelletier in the cases in which he was found guilty of extortion, conspiracy, and blackmail, raised this issue in a large adver-

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tisement which he caused to be inserted on the front page of Boston newspapers, in which he took pains to refer to Mr. Pelletier as the "leading Catholic layman of Massachusetts." Now even before the Supreme Court rendered its decision and while the case was *sub judice* Mr. James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the K. of C., took occasion in *Columbia* (February issue) to take the part of Mr. Pelletier, and in the March issue, after the Supreme Court's decision, the writer of the above letter, Mr. Kennedy, in a full-page article, A Flaw in Our Democracy, labels the Pelletier case "An American Dreyfus Case," saying: "The smoke-screen of privileged lying and near-lying cannot obscure the fact that religious prejudice is at the bottom of the case—that Pelletier is as much the victim of anti-Catholic hate as Dreyfus of anti-Semitism. When we know that the effect of the persecution of Pelletier has been a blow to American Catholics, we need no superior logic to identify the cause."

In the face of the fact that the District Attorney of Middlesex County (adjoining Boston), Nathan A. Tufts, who was similarly removed by the Massachusetts Supreme Court on less overwhelming evidence, was not a Catholic, and in view of the further fact that two of the five justices of the Supreme Court who rendered the unanimous verdict against Mr. Pelletier, Justices Carroll and De Courcy, are Catholics, what becomes of this allegation? On the contrary, if the result of the Pelletier prosecution has been a blow to Catholics in America it has been so, or rather it will prove so, only because of the refusal of those high in K. of C. circles, those who in the public eye and mind are identified with American Catholicism to purge their ranks and disassociate themselves from those found guilty. Instead of this clearly indicated—though even now belated dissociation—we find a militant championship of Pelletier which makes his protagonists and the many for whom they presume to speak moral accessories after the fact to his crimes. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Correspondence

Our Sentimental Movies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that the crowning defect of the motion picture today is false sentimentality. By this I mean the idea that many directors have that the only way to arouse sympathy for a character is to show him subjected to some kind of physical violence.

A few years ago a sentimental but very pretty story was published, entitled "Mary Cary." This tale depicts the spiritual hardships of a lonely child in an orphan asylum. The superintendent of the asylum was a strict disciplinarian, and the story showed how she molded the child's spirit so as to conform to the orphan asylum's mold. When this story was put into the movies, she was represented as beating the child with a strap and locking her up in a dungeon. Mary Pickford's production of "Daddy-Long-Legs" was a most artistic and well-acted picture but marred by one defect. Judy steals some fruit and the matron, as a punishment, burns her hand on a red-hot stove. This scene is a serious blot on the film and is not necessary to the plot. The story says that the matron was a strict woman, but there is nothing to indicate that she was cruel.

In my opinion the crowning example of sentimentality in the movies is Thomas Beer's *Saturday Evening Post* story Little Eva Ascends. This tale is about a lad of sixteen who is compelled by his mother to play the part of little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story, in its original form, was a clever bit of light comedy, but the motion picture is sentimental melodrama. The mother in the story was a perfectly harmless woman who was crazy about acting, but in the picture she turned into the cruel parent of melodrama. We are all familiar with these cruel parents. They stalk through the pages of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and more recent works like "The Rich Little Poor Boy"; and they are always scolding their innocent children and threatening to beat them.

There is, of course, a very good reason for all this. In the motion pictures there are no spoken words. The action must tell the story, but with the mechanical perfection to which the cinema has been brought it is surely possible to show mental suffering without physical violence.

New York, March 18 LUCY P. EASTMAN

A Disillusioned Teacher

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished the editorial in your issue of February 22 on the controversy over the election of Mrs. Grace Forsythe to an associate superintendency. You state that the lack of teacher participation in educational plans and policies is due to the teachers themselves—that they do not assert the dignity of their profession. Agreed to without reservation! But what to do about it, in the face of the bitter experiences endured by those poor souls that attempted such an assertion—on that phase you and others making similar criticisms are silent.

Now, I am a young teacher. What I lack in experience I more than make up in the power to observe and assimilate. Therefore *never, never* while I remain a member of the educational system, shall I attempt to assert anything except a blind and unquestioning obedience to any and all dictums—even should they violate my own ideas of justice, honor, truth, charity—of my superiors. I shall *never* take a stand for or against anything until I learn first the desire of the man higher up. Are you shocked? Well, so am I. But I am entirely cognizant of the primal law of self-preservation.

1. A teacher in my school was not recommended by my principal for an annual increase. The teacher availed herself of the right accorded her by law to plead her case before the Board of Superintendents. She made out an excellent case for herself, and sympathy seemed to be entirely with her—certainly justice was. Later she was summoned to the office of the principal's assistant, insulted, reviled, humiliated beyond description, and informed that law or no law she had no business to appear before the Board of Superintendents—no teacher ever did. It would not do any good anyway because the Board *always* upheld the principal. This was confirmed in part by a subsequent communication from that body, stating that the increase would *not* be granted, and that the principal's report had been upheld. The teacher, one time happy and enthusiastic, is now almost a physical wreck and is seeking a transfer.

2. The best teacher in my school is a man of broad culture and education. His influence for good in his classroom and in the community is generally recognized. But, he asserted the "dignity of his profession" by uncovering a highly dishonorable method used by the principal in rating teachers. Daily that teacher goes through all the refined tortures and cruelties an unprincipled supervisory department can devise. Transfer to another school? He tried. No principal would accept him—the Principals' Association attended to that. Appeal to higher officials? He did. Principal sustained.

3. No representative of the educational department spoke at Mrs. Forsythe's luncheon. She, herself, explained why. He who did so would take his professional life in his hands did he dare express good-will or good-fellowship for one not in good standing with the City Superintendent and his Board of Associates.

And you ask us to assert our professional dignity? Gosh, man, we haven't any! And besides we learn our lessons soon and thoroughly. The children? Oh, no one pays any attention to them except on paper. The parents and taxpayers? No use at all, except when salary increases are needed.

New York, February 20 DIOGENES

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Governor Allen's Panacea

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your staff editorial writer who used all that good space in your issue of February 22 to reply to Governor Allen's claims for his Industrial Court as a panacea for "industrial disturbances" in Kansas must be related to the Chinaman who set fire to his house in order to roast his pig. What more was needed to crush all argument for Allen's court than this from Allen's letter of January 7 to you: "It was necessary to send a small body of troops—about 300 cavalrymen—to protect the homes of the miners who were at work *and to prevent the women from holding any more meetings.*" [Italics mine.]

Apparent are the everlasting virtues of a panacea under which it becomes necessary to turn the bayonets against the breasts of wives and mothers, or call in a body of cavalrymen to ride them down should they get into meeting to discuss their own interests!

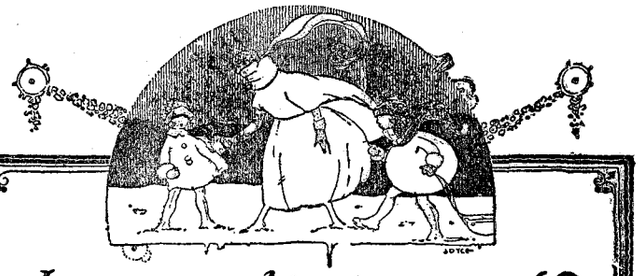
San Diego, California, March 5 R. F. PAINE

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been put in his place at last, and by a St. Louis schoolboy. The boy was asked to define a "drifter." "A drifter," he said, "is a person that goes through high school and college and then goes to work at a job that doesn't require an education." For years the Drifter has tried to hide the awful truth; for years he has let drop hints at appropriate intervals concerning the arduousness and the extreme intellectuality of his task; for years he has unblushingly classed himself among the brain workers. And he can do so no longer. He is forced to admit that any child could be a Drifter; any babe capable of naming the articles on his nursery floor could not fail to qualify for his, the Drifter's, job. Now that this much of his secret is known, he is willing to go a step further and tell how this Drifting is done. It can be effected in two ways: by cultivating in youth a taste for moving about, or by cultivating friends who already have such a taste. Then while on the move all the aspiring young man or woman need do is keep his or her eyes open on the average of 6.35 per cent of the time. The result will be ample for one column a week.

* * * * *

THERE are times, of course, when it is impossible to travel; and when one's traveling friends are all traveling and hence unavailable. The thing to do in such an emergency is to talk about the weather. In the spring talk about the spring and the budding branches, if possible calling a good many of them by name; in the autumn mention bitter-sweet and turning leaves and wood-smoke; in the winter stick closely to snow and in the summer dwell lightly and coolly on, or if possible in, fresh, clear water. Between seasons there are always sunsets, sunrises, wind, rain, and other phenomena of nature which will not fail to occur to anyone who gives a little thought to the subject. And there is always the dusty, hot city, or the blustery, cold city, or the interesting, quaint city to fill up the gaps. Oh no, there was never a truer word spoken than that enunciated by the young man from St. Louis: "a job that doesn't require an education"! The Drifter would make only one objection: while not actually prescribing it, he ventures to suggest that the Young Drifter learn to read. Sometimes even the weather fails; and then excerpts from newspapers are invaluable. THE DRIFTER



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International Relations Section

American Samoa and the Navy Department

IN the International Relations Section of March 15 we published a compilation of documents supporting charges against the American administration of the islands of the Samoan group now under the control of the United States. The Secretary of the Navy, to whom these charges were submitted, has presented for publication certain documents with the purpose of establishing the sovereignty of the United States in those islands. To the charges of ill-treatment contained in the documents mentioned above, and in an article by Samuel S. Ripley in the same issue, the Navy Department has made no reply.

We print below the greater part of a letter addressed by the Secretary of the Navy to C. S. Hannum of California, who has acted as counsel for the chiefs and people of American Samoa.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

23 December, 1921

SIR:

. . . While the status of American Samoa has not been delineated by Congress in as clear and concise a manner as in the case of some other territories of the United States it has nevertheless been fixed to a degree which appears to be beyond contravention or argument. It is well understood that American Samoa is not "conquered territory" nor has it ever been claimed to be such by this Government. It is also well understood that American Samoa was not acquired by the United States by treaty with any foreign country having power to dispose of it in that manner, although the Senate of the United States on February 13, 1900, ratified a convention between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States under which Great Britain and Germany renounced to the United States all claim to the islands constituting what is now known as American Samoa. From a careful examination of the facts relative to this case, however, it is noted that the sovereignty of the United States over what is now known and described as American Samoa is based upon a formal cession of the Island of Tutuila to the United States on April 17, 1900, by the chiefs of that island, and the subsequent recognition of the authority of the United States over Manua by the chiefs of said island on July 14, 1904. These cessions were accepted by the President of the United States, and full information with respect thereto was communicated to Congress, and the action of our Chief Executive relative thereto adopted and approved in a number of separate statutory enactments, to some of which reference is hereinafter made.

From a careful examination of the facts, the assertions which you have repeatedly and emphatically made to the effect that the natives of American Samoa are a free and independent people, that the United States has no proprietary interest in American Samoa, that the Congress of the United States has never undertaken to legislate for those islands, that no naval officer has any right to assume the title or powers of governor of any of said islands constituting the group known and described as American Samoa, and that such officer assuming to act as such governor in fact does not possess any legislative powers, and has no authority over the inhabitants of American Samoa, are neither supported in law nor in fact.

By the Act of August 5, 1909, Section 1 (36 Stat. 11), a certain rate of duty was prescribed "upon all articles imported from any foreign country into the United States or into any of its possessions (except the Philippine Islands and the Islands of Guam and Tutuila)," thereby recognizing and describing Tutuila, one of the principal islands of American Samoa, as a "possession" of the United States (see 30 Op. Atty. Gen., 231). Prior legislation had also recognized the islands of Tutuila and Manua as "possessions of the United States" (see 25 Op. Atty. Gen., 128, 130, 131). By the Act of June 28, 1906 (34 Stat., 552), provision was made by Congress for the acknowledgment of deeds in American Samoa, said acknowledgment to be attested by the certificate of the "Governor," thereby recognizing and adopting the action of the President taken pursuant to an opinion of the Attorney General (25 Op. Atty. Gen., 592) in commissioning a naval officer as Governor of American Samoa.

Congress likewise made an appropriation for a radio station in "American Samoa," thereby designating said islands as American Samoa and recognizing them as American territory (Act of August 29, 1916, 39 Stat., 607). By the Act of March 3, 1919 (40 Stat. 1292), Congress provided for a census of American Samoa to be taken by the Governor of said islands in accordance with plans approved by the United States Director of Census, thereby recognizing the jurisdiction of the United States over American Samoa, and also that the chief executive charged with the administration thereof is "Governor" of said islands.

It has been fully established by the decisions of the highest courts of the United States that the political status of any country or territory of the United States is a matter resting exclusively with the political branch of the Government, i.e., legislative and executive, whose decision with respect thereto will invariably be accepted by the judicial branch of the Government as final and conclusive. The government established by the President of the United States for American Samoa, having been recognized and acquiesced in by Congress, said government must be recognized by all individuals who have occasion to deal therewith as the lawfully established government for American Samoa, and that said government continues as such until Congress sees fit to provide otherwise. . . .

Under the system of government which has been established for American Samoa the individual commissioned by the President as governor thereof possesses supreme legislative, executive, and judicial powers of government in relation thereto, except in so far as restricted by the President or by the enactments of Congress. This is strictly in conformity with the well-known powers of military governors commissioned by the President to administer territories occupied or acquired by the United States for which Congress has not seen fit to legislate establishing a different form of government. Information relative to this matter may be readily obtained from the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States and the opinions of the Attorney General with respect to the many cases which have heretofore arisen, as well as those now existing in which military government has been exercised by the United States. In view of this fact I must decline to indulge in the exposition of the subject of military government.

I have this day communicated with the Governor of American Samoa to the effect that this Department is addressing a communication to you relative to the affairs in American Samoa, which it believes and hopes will dissipate any further misunderstanding relative to the status of American Samoa and the authority of the Governor to administer the affairs of said islands. Now that the Department's position relative to the status of American Samoa is understood by you, I trust that I may have your full and complete cooperation to the end that the present administration or the future administrations established by due authority of the Government of the United States over American Samoa will be assisted and upheld.

Very respectfully,
EDWIN DENBY, Secretary of the Navy.

JUDGE C. S. HANNUM, Attorney at Law
Richmond, Cal.

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The Ownership of Samoa

THE following texts of the deeds of cession of the islands of the Samoan group now in the possesssion of the United States were supplied to us by the Navy Department:

I

Whereas, the Governments of Germany, Great Britain, and of the United States of America have on divers occasions recognized the sovereignty of the Government and people of Samoa and the Samoan group of islands as an independent State; and whereas owing to dissensions, internal disturbances, and civil war the said Governments have deemed it necessary to assume the control of the legislation and administration of said state of Samoa; and whereas the said Governments have on the 16th day of February, 1900, by mutual agreement determined to partition said state; and whereas the islands hereinafter described being part of the said state have by said arrangement amongst the said Governments been severed from the parent state and the Governments of Great Britain and of Germany have withdrawn all rights hitherto acquired, claimed, or possessed by both or either of them by treaty or otherwise to the said islands in favor of the Government of the United States of America; and whereas for the promotion of the peace and welfare of the people of said islands, for the establishment of a good and sound government, and for the preservation of the rights and property of the inhabitants of said islands, the chiefs, rulers, and people thereof are desirous of granting unto the said Government of the United States full power and authority to enact proper legislation for and to control the said islands, and are further desirous of removing all disabilities that may be existing in connection therewith and to ratify and to confirm the grant of the rule of said Islands heretofore granted on the 2nd day of April, 1900; now know ye:

1. That we, the chiefs whose names are hereunder subscribed, by virtue of our office as the hereditary representatives of the people of said islands in consideration of the premises hereinbefore recited and for divers good considerations us hereunto moving, have *ceded, transferred, and yielded up*, unto Commander B. F. Tilley of U. S. (sic) *"Abarenda"* the duly accredited representative of the Government of the United States of America in the islands hereinafter mentioned or described for and on behalf of the said Government all those the islands of Tutuila and Aunuu and all other islands, rocks, reefs, foreshores, and waters lying between the thirteenth degree and the fifteenth degree of south latitude and between the one hundred and seventy-first degree and the one hundred sixty-seventh degree of west longitude from the meridian of Greenwich together with all sovereign rights thereunto belonging and possessed by us; *to hold* the said ceded territory unto the Government of the Uinted States of America; *to erect* the same into a separate district to be annexed to the said Government, to be known and designated as the District of Tutuila.

2. The Government of the United States of America shall respect and protect the individual rights of all people dwelling in Tutuila to their lands and other property in said district, but if the said Government shall require any land or any other thing for government uses, the Government may take the same upon payment of a fair consideration for the land or other thing to those who may be deprived of their property on account of the desire of the Government.

3. The chiefs of the towns will be entitled to retain their individual control of the separate towns if that control is in accordance with the laws of the United States of America concerning Tutuila and if not obstructive to the peace of the people and the advancement of civilization of the people, subject also to the supervision and instruction of the said Government. But the enactment of legislation and the general control shall remain firm with the United States of America.

4. An investigation and settlement of all claims to title to land in the different divisions or districts of Tutuila shall be made by the Government.

5. We whose names are subscribed below do hereby declare with truth for ourselves, our heirs, and representatives by Samoan custom, that we will obey and owe allegiance to the Government of the United States of America.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seals on this 17th day of April, 1900 A. D.

FOFO and AITULAGI: Tuitele of Leone, Faiivae of Leone, Letuli of Ilili, Fuimaono of Aoloau, Satele of Vailoa, Leoso of Leone, Olo of Leone, Namoa of Aitulagi, Maloata of Aitulagi, Tunaitau of Pavaiai, Amituagai of Ituau, Lualemana of Asu.

SUA and VAIFANUA: Pele, Mauga, Leiato, Faumuina, Masaniai, Tupuola, Soliai, Mauga.

II

Whereas, the islands of the Samoan group lying east of longitude 171 west of Greenwich were, on the 16th day of February, 1900, by arrangement between the Governments of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States of America, placed under the protection of the Government of the United States of America; and whereas, on the 17th day of April, in the year 1900, the Islands of Tutuila and Aunuu, being portion of said islands of the Samoan group lying east of longitude 171 west of Greenwich, were, by the chiefs and rulers of Tutuila and Aunuu, ceded to and placed under the sovereignty and protection of the United States of America, and the government of said islands was thereupon assumed by said United States; and whereas, in administering said government, the islands hereinafter described, known as the Manua Islands, being the remainder of said islands of the Samoan group lying east of longitude 171 west of Greenwich, have been under the protection of the United States of America, and controlled and governed in conjunction with the islands of Tutuila and Aunuu; and whereas, at the request of Tuimanua, the King of Manua, and his chiefs, the United States flag was, on the 5th day of June, 1900, raised on the Island of Tau, of the Manua group, for the purpose of granting protection to the people of the Manua Islands; and whereas, Tuimanua and his chiefs, being content and satisfied with the justice, fairness, and wisdom of the government as hitherto administered by the several commandmants of the United States Naval Station, Tutuila, and the officials appointed to act with the commandant, are desirous of placing the Islands of Manua hereinafter described under the full and complete sovereignty of the United States of America to enable said islands, with Tutuila and Aunuu, to become a part of the territory of said United States; now know ye:

1. That we, Eleasara Tuimanua and the chiefs whose names are hereunder subscribed, in consideration of the premises hereinbefore recited, have ceded, and by these presents do cede, unto the Government of the United States of America, *all those, the islands of the Manua group*, being the whole of the eastern portion of the Samoan Islands lying east of longitude 171 west of Greenwich, and known as Tau, Olosega Ofu, and Rose Island, and all other, the waters and property adjacent thereto, together with all sovereign rights thereunto belonging and possessed by us; *to hold* the said ceded territory unto the Government of the United States of America; *to erect* the same into a territory or district of the said Government.

2. It is intended and claimed by these presents that there shall be no discrimination in the suffrages and political privileges between the present residents of said Islands and citizens of the United States dwelling therein, and also that the rights of the chiefs in each village and of all people concerning their property according to their custom shall be recognized.

Done at the place of Faleula in Tau, in triplicate, in both the Samoan and the English languages, on this 14th day of July, in the year 1904 A. D.

King of Manua and District Governor, TUIMANUA; County Chief of Fitiuta, TUFELE; County Chief of Ofu, MISA; County Chief of Olosega, TUIOLOSEGA; County Chief of Faleasao, ASOAN; District Clerk, P. LOGAI.

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Spring Book Supplement

A War for Our Poets?

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NOW that the Conference in Washington has ended in a blaze of political glory and permitted us to settle down to a somewhat technical peace, it is time to consider the scope of those future conferences which President Harding has intimated will follow. For it is inevitable that the scope of these projected meetings will have to go deeper than submarines and wider than spheres of influence; they will have to be concerned with graver matters than capital ships and official sealing-wax. One of the problems that literally cries for settlement is the growth of a definitely national literature on this side of the Atlantic. Accepted by France, Italy, and Japan—our three allies who can feel no resentment at our suddenly developing an American school of writing as opposed to the traditional English influence—this abrupt self-determination in the world of belles-lettres has seemed to Great Britain a challenge that is as disloyal as it must be impertinent. Are New York and Chicago to be allowed to build two realistic novels to every one produced in London, W. C.? Is the Hudson to be set ablaze with suspicious fires of such "foreign" brands as Hergesheimer, Hecht, Cather, Dos Passos, Mencken, Dreiser, while the Thames is undisturbed save for a few spasmodic and almost forgotten fireworks? Are we to confine our literary purchases to the home markets and quietly boycott the product of the mother-country? Not if England can help it.

Frankly, she is irritated and not a little worried. She remembers certain insurrectionary activities in the latter part of the eighteenth century. If, only a few years ago, staid Bostonians could empty boxes of tea in the harbor, might not legally sober Philadelphians dump entire cases of sparkling Shaw & Chesterton into the Delaware? The Englishman admits our civic and geographical independence but he cannot consider the artistic expressions of any country that employs the King's English as anything but the negligible results of a colonial culture. That we should flatly repudiate the old indebtedness and coin a currency of our own seems preposterous and almost incredible. And where, inquires the disturbed Englishman in his reviews of practically every American book, did you acquire the idea that you could cast off the obligations so often acknowledged by all but your most recent writers without action on our part? And how long, he pursues, are you going to persist in your cultural communism? Black looks and fighting-words hurtle across the ocean. Balfour and Hughes may stretch wireless hands across the sea; the critics of the *New Statesman* clench theirs into somewhat tighter fists. "Just you send another fleet of native books across as a demonstration," they mutter, "just you try to hang a flag or a copy of 'Winesburg, Ohio' from the windows of The Bodley Head! Just you try!" If war is to be averted, friends of both countries must act at once.

Obviously, the first thing to do is to appoint a series of Investigating Committees to collect all the evidence in the case beginning with the advent of the Second American Renaissance, *circa* 1911. Acting in a purely unofficial capacity, I have started to work in this rich field of research. Confining myself to comments on American poetry, I have gathered in two weeks' time some significant examples of long-distance sniping disguised as criticism. As Exhibit A, I detach a few segments from the *Nation and Athenæum:* "The present reviewer has to confess that he finds it hard to share the American enthusiasm for 'North of Boston.' It is sound, intelligent work; but, frankly, it is also dull work and the surface quality, the verbal texture of the poetry, is as poor and flat as the texture of a bad painting. . . . Miss Teasdale is a lyricist who produces her effects like a conjurer producing rabbits from an empty hat. . . . And then there is E. A. Robinson. To us he seems even duller than Frost. We should be grateful to anyone who would tell us why 'The Man Against the Sky' is considered a good book."

The *Saturday Review* takes up the burden and, reviewing an anthology entitled "Modern American Poetry," sums up the matter confidently thus: "Mr. Oppenheim, Miss Amy Lowell, Mr. J. G. Fletcher, and Mr. Sandburg are names which have already reached us. We turn with peculiar interest to the selections from these writers, and from Mr. E. A. Robinson, Mr. Frost, and others of the same ebullient generation. Their compositions are, to a strange degree, like one another! [The flabbergasted exclamation mark is mine.] . . . Poetry must have music and it must have wings. And these are, it seems, almost entirely neglected by the 'Imagists,' as the clan of journalistic verse-writers now dominant in New York [*sic!*] [interjection mine again] style themselves. . . . Not merely have Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy done better during the same period, but half a dozen smaller European countries have produced much more striking talents." As a final specimen of the prosecution, I offer, from an article on Miss Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry," in the *New Statesman,* the following handsome excerpt in evidence: "In spite of the very able tactics with which she excites the interest of American audiences (plenty of platitudes and personal anecdotes), it is hard to avoid a judgment that this is a bad book which will not aid either good taste or good manners. . . . There can be no doubt that Miss Lowell meant well; nevertheless her oratory may injure rather than stimulate the sale of these six poets in this country. And this is regrettable, for J. G. Fletcher, H. D., and Robert Frost may not be great poets but they are writers of some originality and talent. . . . Mr. Sandburg sometimes overtops mere crudity and even [mark the magnificent concession of that "and even"] Mr. E. A. Robinson might be praised by a critic divinely charitable."

This—forgetting for the moment that I am engaged in the pacific task of tabulating evidence—this, it seems to me is a declaration of war. And we deserve it. For we are a hypocritical, pliant-kneed lot of subservients. We do reverence even when the god has deserted the temple. When the faded properties of traditional English verse are offered to us for the hundredth time by such feeble Georgians as John Freeman, Edward Shanks, J. C. Squire, Thomas Moult, Martin Armstrong, Edmund Blunden, do we hoot or even resent the low estimate put upon our creative taste? We do not; we do anything but reveal the true degree of our disregard. On the contrary, we take it all as gravely as though each offering might be a contribution to genuine literature. We read them all respectfully; we review their pretty inanities with more tact and far more seriousness

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than they have ever accorded the infinitely more important work of Sandburg, Frost, Amy Lowell, "and even" E. A. Robinson.

Flatly, such a mixture of ignorance, condescension, and contempt cannot keep on fermenting without inflaming the already heated passions of pride and patriotism. Countries have been outraged by less hostile demonstrations; people have gone to war to avenge lesser things than their poets. A nation's honor is at stake—but there is still time for arbitration. Friends of peace would do well to see that the data are collected and to urge the President to speed the next conference. If the English reviewers continue to rattle the pens in their scabbards, the ensuing session will be an epochal one—even for Washington.

Chicago and Its Literary Emigrés

By PIERRE LOVING

IN Chicago we see unfolded a replica of the rough hurly-burly of American life; elemental force of one sort gathering spring and warring with its reverse. Contrast, startlingly vivid and shot with variegated colors, forms the prevailing note of the scene. Is it reasonable, we may well ask, to look for the key to the emergence of so many fine writers who speak, or appear to speak, authentically for the young Cyclops, America, in this striking phenomenon of contrast? Whether this is so or not, the theory at all events will give us pause. Boston, it is alleged, has grown effete and arid and finical, but surely New York furnishes us with just as rich, just as amazing a cross-section of dissonant contrasts as does Chicago. It, too, flaunts a patch-quilt crazed with picturesque racial groups, all with their tangy homeland customs and alien ways. New York, moreover, lies heaved in the path to take the virgin impact of new art and literary winds blown from overseas. And yet in the eyes of Mr. Mencken its air is stifling, noisome, and wholly lethal to the flowering of great or even passable American literature.

The vantage-point which New York occupies is not to be denied or overlooked. How then are we to account for the fact that Chicago, by common consent, has brought forth or stimulated such salient and unusual recent writers as Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Zona Gale, and one or two others? What astonishes us most of all, I think, is that their books resemble or, in any case, call to mind what is best and most worth while in European literature.

The question naturally arises: Did Chicago really bring forth these writers, as the saying is? And if the city by Lake Michigan served solely as a wet nurse, what makes it so felicitous a foster-mother to the young creative talent? What odd property does it boast which acts by way of a goad, urging the writer to turn to the native soil for his material? I need not point out, of course, that the majority of the writers I have named above were not born in Chicago. During their formative years they migrated from the vast corn-belt to the nearest gateway to the Eastern seaboard and, judging from the hegira of so many of them further coastward, we may, I think, figure them, without unduly touching up the picture, as trimming a little flame of longing to advance on New York, the publishing market of the country. But what peculiar quality lodges in the atmosphere of Chicago that coaxes men and women to so rich and so genuine a creativeness?

They did not at the onset encounter a sort of city-planned, ready-made literary capital into whose vortex they could plunge. Decidedly they were not brought into vivifying contact with a treasure-house of living American culture guarding immortal touchstones through which they were enabled to enrich themselves by a passionate outflow of empathy. When these men and women came as fledglings to Chicago they discovered, as they might discover had they arrived but yesterday, a sprawling bruiser of a city packed to the brim with crass brutality and a heavy-handed sort of ruthlessness. Yet shouldering through it all were fiery stalks of pure beauty. The seeds of appreciation, however, as is generally the case when we are dealing with sensitive temperaments, were already previously sown in the stirred consciousness of the writers themselves, and this early sowing was nourished into the sunlight by contact with a rich, loamy soil. Chicago provided that brown soil. But their innate articulateness remained unspoiled, and so it was that they burned to catch in a net of words, poor and inept at times, lovely and naked at others, the hulking swagger of young America. It was, no doubt, in something of this spirit that Sherwood Anderson produced out of himself the finest and most memorable passages in his books, such an episode as that of the harness-maker, for example, in "Poor White" or that Carl Sandburg was moved to the lyrical outcry:

> Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
>
> Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities.

Chicago offered these gestating writers, full of the ferment of youth, the unexpected; it offered them, curiously enough, isolation. The full meaning of this word in the present connection is not at once apparent. Briefly, to their ambitious pretensions to artistic effort the city turned an all but gelid exterior; yet it was quite willing, eager in fact, to domesticate them, as one domesticates wild animals, as craftsmen, as job-holders. And so it does not surprise us, knowing Chicago, that Edgar Lee Masters still practices law, that Sherwood Anderson, until within a few weeks, in mufti followed the trade of advertising copy-writer, while Carl Sandburg and Ben Hecht go through the paces of a hurried daily stint on a newspaper. The isolation, however, is real and enforced; it partakes of withdrawal and self-exile. Thus the sensitive writer in Chicago is bound to be an émigré. In his role of artist, Chicago offers him practically nothing. It may severely rebuff or bruise him or it may lure him into commercial paths. The result is the same: he is inevitably, provided he is a genuine artist, finely organized and tempered, driven in upon himself and his own budget of mental and aesthetic resources.

A favorable milieu, we have been led to believe with Matthew Arnold and others, serves by way of an arousing stimulus to the artist at some crucial point, although not at every point, in his career. In Chicago there exists no "shallow soil" which successful writers who dwelt close to it in their nonage frequently gibbet for the amusement of oafs in their heyday of success; in Chicago there is no experimental stage or locale of striving and sympathetic association—let us say it, no demi-monde of the arts. Of such a locale or vapor of Bohemia we may say finally, as Dr. John-

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son said of the proposed English academy modeled after the French, that it can do no harm, that it might do some good, but that if such an institution were created most men would be willing, and many men would be proud, to disobey its decrees. So the artist in his relation to an underworld of the arts.

If Chicago does not incite to beauty, if it does not actively encourage, how then does it help the young writer? The answer is, I believe: It rasps, and, by rasping, causes the aesthetic nerve to throb. New York, *pace* Mr. Mencken, does welcome the beginning writer, but it welcomes him to cliques, to empty patter about form, to drama courses and short-story courses. New York's welcome is entirely too broad and feverish, tempting the young man or woman with a writing bee to become a bench-warmer rather than a lonely creator. Thus by New York's courtly civility the young writer is undone and in the end a "publisher's bordello" awaits him.

In one or two reviews of "Erik Dorn," that disturbing novel out of Remy de Gourmont, Freud, Huysmans, Wyndham Lewis, and James Joyce, I have seen it stated that Mr. Hecht is considerably in the debt of his one-time collaborator, Maxwell Bodenheim, who spent a goodly portion of his poetical novitiate in Chicago. Whether this is so or not is a matter of small moment. But is it not odd, is it not passing strange, that, given the West as we know it, both Hecht and Bodenheim, apart from the intrinsic value of their work, should have uttered themselves in the manner, in the style they did? That they should have watered and brought to fruition so lonely and uncompanioned a literary attitude in the midst of the present American scene? At first glance the phenomenon tends to baffle, but the history of American literature offers a suggestive clue. The precedent of Poe leaps out in a kind of glamorous blaze. Certainly the dominant American outlook has not changed much since his time. In him this crass outlook wrought a terrible exacerbation of the aesthetic nerve, coerced him within himself. And what is the path traced by this exacerbation, which we still envisage among us today? It is, as a rule, canalized into a kind of introversion which puts forth, when it bursts through the inhibiting barriers at last, strange flowers of form and style, and the apparition to our gaze shows as keen individuality of expression.

This is why the Chicago writer, with a juster decision of instinct, relies less on formalism and more on his fresh unpollarded impulses. As once in Russia of the ancient regime, so in America of today, we have a body of outstanding novelists and poets who catalyze American life, trample with joyous feet upon American vintages of thought and feeling, seeming frequently to accept them, but only because of their opulent earthy bloom; this is the unworked material, the very best, one feels at times, ever proffered the service of art.

While on the one hand our right-thinking critics are tuning their throats to the theme of the blessedness of modern America; while on the other our left-wing critics are making a mock and a derision of the former; the creative mind has seized upon the America we know, seeking with a fine will and a rough precision to disengage its innermost sense and spirit. As this mind confronts factuality and attempts to remake it and shape it, ugliness and tawdriness and tinsel float to the surface along with its undoubted but savage beauty. The insurgent critics, however, are, as always, exercising the true function of their office. They are turning up the soil; they are blazing the way for our genuine coming-of-age, for the creative intelligence, perhaps, who will gather up within himself when he arrives, as Dante and Goethe did in their respective countries, the creative wish and flame-like aspiration of a whole people.

Blackberry Briars

By ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON

"The blackberry briars you bought—
I think it is too late
To put them in," Seth said.

"The earth is cold
Clean to the elbow.
Better wait for spring—
They'll rot."

But I went with him
To make sure,
And put my hand
Deep in the broken ground.

He leaned and packed the earth,
And pressed hard with his foot.

He said:
"Just let it stay until
You get the feel of it.
That cold comes on like a creeping palsy."

Then he waited—
Watching me with covered eyes
Until I shuddered
And withdrew my arm.

"You turned a little white," he laughed.

"It's packing the earth," I said,
"Pressing it down the way you do."

"It's a game I learned once
For myself," he said.
"I call it playing
With the sun's shadow.
It isn't just like any cold
That you can think of.
And it's always following him around.

"It's queer," he said,
"When the sun gets through growing things
You can put your hand in almost anywhere
And find it.

"When the sun goes
How can the shadow linger?
That's what I don't understand.

"Sometimes I wonder if—"

But I said:
"Seth, we'll let the blackberries go."

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Books

Our Barbarous Lingo

The American Language. An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. Mencken. Second Edition Revised and Enlarged. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

MR. MENCKEN'S attitude is avowedly that of an amateur making an inquiry; he does not pretend to expert knowledge of philology but assumes only the right of an intelligent man to explore and report what he has found. The first edition of the book, published in 1919, was put out as a feeler to provoke discussion and invite assistance. This, the second edition, embodies the results of further investigations and of voluminous responses to his earlier inquiry. He has compiled his material with such careful labor that the most diligent scholar must respect him, and he has expressed his ideas with his customary command of the English language, from which American derives.

The subject, with its endlessly varied interests (for language relates to every interest in life), gives Mr. Mencken opportunity to disport several of his pet prejudices. He may drive them a little too hard, but never, I think, to the point of sacrificing his general fidelity to fact. If some familiar Menckenizations (I offer that word to literary American) are in amusing conflict, the conflict is inherent in the subject; the author plays on both sides, but he did not start the battle.

According to Mr. Mencken's thesis, American is, as compared with the current, not the classic, English of England, fanciful, picturesque, inventive, daring, original, rebellious, disdainful of tradition. His grave conclusion is that "in all human beings if only understanding could be brought to the business, dignity will be found, and that dignity cannot fail to express itself, soon or late, in words and phrases with which they make known their high hopes and aspirations and cry out against the intolerable meaninglessness of life." That is excellent, especially from a man whose knife is always swift against the "gaudy" and the too eloquent. But what has come over the spirit of Mr. Mencken's dreams that he can ascribe such virtues to a people whom he is wont to characterize as boobs, hicks, cowards, tediously uniform, abject in the presence of petty authority, afraid of their neighbors' opinions, a clownish rabble, fit only to be exploited and laughed at?

There are two explanations. One is that Mr. Mencken is enamored of language and has more respect for words and phrases than he has for the people that use them. Another explanation is that he is in a family quarrel. In our own house we damn each other and behave outrageously, especially the prize boy of the family. But let an outsider interfere, and the household unites against the alien enemy. Mr. Mencken enjoys ridiculing the American from the point of view of an aristocratic, quasi-international culture. When an Englishman, or somebody from Boston with a servile respect for island-English, comes uninvited into our domestic party, Mr. Mencken cheerfully punches his head and becomes for the moment a howling democrat.

Another contradiction is to be found in Mr. Mencken's attitude toward scholarship. All official erudition with which he does not agree is the stupidity of pundits who know nothing about the living tongue. On the other hand Mr. Mencken is grateful to many scholars, whose work he has faithfully studied and used; and, resting with justifiable pride upon his formidable bibliography, he is inclined to be a bit scornful of persons who approach this subject without due respect for bookish wisdom. This contradiction is easily resolved. Again it inheres rather in the subject than in the author's temperament. It comes down to a difference of information or opinion. As a rule Mr. Mencken keeps his balance solidly. And it would be fairer to represent him not as self-contradictory, but as straddling a subject that has to be straddled; one foot must be in the library and the other foot in the street or in the shop or on the farm.

The scholar with his vast erudition and the observer and recorder with his ears open must cooperate. Mr. Mencken has at least made an intelligent effort to pull them together. His challenging manner combined with his fundamental seriousness ought to have the effect of stirring everybody from the profoundest savant to the most frivolous writer of slang. He asks for corrections, and new information, with a view to a possible revised edition ten years hence. And he has earned the right to all the help that we can give him.

The first help that a reviewer can give him is to proclaim that his book is an important contribution to a fascinating, universally important subject, language, not merely "American," but the speech-life of man, oral and written. By way of further help I offer a few suggestions and queries, relating to general theories and to some specific words and phrases. My suggestions have no authoritative value, and they are assertive in tone only because the limitations of space forbid modification and development.

Is there an American language? There is to this extent: that we find words, forms, locutions much used in America and not much used, or not used at all, in the British islands; that these words, forms, locutions, quite aside from localisms such as are found in every corner of every country, are pretty generally understood in a nation that sprawls from Eastport, Maine, to San Diego, California. The geographical limitations seem to be clearly marked, with due allowance for cross-border influences in Canada and cross-seas influences, social, political, literary, dramatic, in Great Britain. The peculiarities are thus truly national. But they are matters of detail, abundant when selected out and viewed together, not impressively numerous in ratio to the whole language called English as used from Edinburgh to Melbourne, via New York and San Francisco.

Mr. Mencken's list of terms in everyday use that differ in American and English (there are probably more than he gives) is a very small part of the working vocabulary, and a still smaller part of the literary vocabulary, of all adults born in any part of the English-speaking world. Add to vocabulary certain differences less easy to codify, peculiarities of construction, pronunciation, all the undefinable quirks and tricks of speech, try to put them all together; the total resulting difference is relatively slight.

English and American are no more truly "diverging streams of English" than Scotch English and South British English, though it may be that the American stream is flowing faster and more erratically than the streams in the old country, which are settled in their channels and are easier to define. The available evidence does not seem to warrant the statement that there is a "growing difficulty in intercommunication," for while the differences multiply the facilities and the habit of intercommunication increase. This is true not only of the literary language but of the spoken language, which literature, that is, print, picks up and carries between the countries and the sections of the countries. In a meeting of working-people a man from Glasgow is as quickly and surely at home in Lynn or Schenectady as in London. It does not take him long to think of a "blackleg" as a "scab"; if he reads labor papers he has already seen the word before he sailed for America.

Essays by literary Englishmen and Americans about divergences of language should be read with suspicion. The subject is amusing; it offers temptations to the spirit of humor and to the less admirable spirit of political controversy. Mr. Mencken is a literary joker himself. We certainly shall not quarrel with him on that score nor ask him or any other student of these diversified human questions to be constantly sober. But we must be skeptically alert against exaggerated statements. Mark Twain was a great authority on American dialects, East, West, North, and South. He knew them by personal experience and he had the artist's feeling for them. (He also knew a bit about classic English.) In a prefatory note to "Huckleberry Finn" he explains that the shadings of the

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various dialects that his characters use "have not been done in a haphazard way, or by guesswork, but painstakingly." But we cannot accept at its face value his statement in the essay Concerning the American Language that "when I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity in England, an Englishman can't understand me at all." It is an overstatement characteristic of him and of other humorists, both American and British. His own writings and his experience as a lecturer in all parts of the world can be cited against him. I doubt if any English schoolboy who can understand Dickens fails to understand "Huckleberry Finn." And Mark Twain's speech, deliberately cultivated (he was a born and self-conscious actor with an excellent voice), did not baffle the English people. Indeed, I have heard him say that his most satisfactory, most responsive audiences were English.

But here we meet two questions. What does he mean by "my native tongue *in its utmost purity*"? And is not ease of oral communication between people who use any sort of English largely a matter of individual diction, of *clear* pronunciation, independent of vocabulary, turns of phrases, differences of syllabic accent, differences of vowel values? One English author, whom I respect too much to name, speaks so badly that he must be almost as painfully unintelligible to a Briton as to a Yankee. In general we have to be on our guard against the literary fellow. And yet we are dependent for collected and rationalized knowledge on some sort of literary person, either the artist in words or the technical scholar.

In general, too, we must keep our aesthetic and emotional preferences separate from our observations of the facts, though, to be sure, aesthetics, the sense of the better or the worse word, of the lovelier or the uglier sound, has an important place in the discussion. It is not helpful or intelligent for an Englishman to resent and deplore the departure of American habits from his. And it is not helpful or intelligent, though it is delightfully funny, for Mr. Mencken to tell us that "Brander Matthews . . . was an eager apologist for Americanisms until he joined the Ochs lodge of Anglo-Saxon brothers." Controversy based on likings does in a measure bring out the facts, for it keeps the question, the manifold questions, stirred up. But we wish to know the facts first. Aesthetic questions are primarily questions of individual skill in the use of any sort of words and of individual ability to enjoy words skilfully used. Let not our preferences spoil the record or divert us from the dispassionate methods of science.

"The standard southern dialect of English has been arrested in its growth by its purists and grammarians. . . . American, despite the gallant efforts of the professors, has so far escaped any such suffocating formalization." These two allied statements should be shaded instead of sharpened as they are in Mr. Mencken's discussion. They push the lines of development too far apart. The process of growth of the living language in every nation which has a literature is a contest between change and rigidity. English has not been frozen solid for two centuries, and American English has not been free from formalization. It is a question of degree. O. Henry and W. W. Jacobs are, in their own style and in the talk of their characters, nearer to each other than they are to Fielding. Both have come a long way from the eighteenth century, the American humorist, of course, much further than the Englishman. How much further is determined by a multitude of details. These details have not been thoroughly studied in relation to the language as a whole. It is easy to select and insist on certain details and overdrive them to a doubtful conclusion.

And many of the details are open to question in point of their "Americanism." Mencken says that "demean," in the sense of "bemean" or "degrade," is "actually American in origin." Is it? It is used by Sheridan, Dickens, and Thackeray. "Aggravate," in the sense of irritate or anger, is used by Dickens, in "Great Expectations," and used unconsciously and seriously in straight narrative, not as an error in the speech of a vulgar American or Englishman. "Reliable" may have been combated by grammarians, but it is not an Americanism, for it is used by Coleridge and Newman, who were both sheltered from American influence. The motives of some American words are misunderstood by Mencken and other grammarians. For example, "casket" is not, as he thinks, following A. S. Hill and the rest of the rhetoricians, a euphemism for "coffin." It is a trade name, with a practical distinction, as any undertaker (American: "funeral director"?) will tell you. A coffin is a hexagonal box, tapering toward the foot. A casket is four-sided; it is not always elaborate and expensive, and its name, in the trade, is specific, not euphemistic.

These are minor matters, illustrations of the difficulties of collecting the facts from which generalizations may safely proceed. Other comments on minor matters belong rather in a private letter to Mr. Mencken than in a review. I suggest, as pertinent to a review and interesting to any reader who enjoys this subject, that there should be added to Mr. Mencken's bibliography "Words and Their Ways in English Speech" by Greenough and Kittredge and "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" by Wallace Irwin.

JOHN MACY

John Muir

The Writings of John Muir. Sierra Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company. 8 vols. $20.

THE infinite spectacle of what we are in the habit of calling Nature has produced almost as many species of observer as there are species of wind and rock and animal and plant to be observed. There are idiotic animals and plants, and we have been plagued with idiotic Nature-writers, plagued until we incline to shy at new ones, fearing that if we encourage them they will strike an attitude or babble a gospel. Still, there are the eagle and the bluebird, the otter and the fox; there are Audubon, Thoreau, Burroughs, Hudson, Muir.

John Muir died in 1914, or he might have been better known. Death on a different scale was about to occupy the energies of the race, and not much attention was paid to the passing of an old naturalist who had devoted his life to mountains, forests, and glaciers, and who never had liked killing. Now, however, when there are many readers for a quiet man like W. H. Hudson, and books are called forth by the death of Burroughs, there may be a movement toward Muir. An examination of his collected works shows them to be as fresh and strong as ever, and urges the belief that they already are American classics.

Burroughs said once, with characteristic modesty and accuracy: "Thoreau . . . has a heroic quality that I cannot approach." Muir is one of the heroes. There is a thrill in his books such as we do not get from Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies, Burroughs, of course, Fabre, or even Hudson, much as we may love those men in their respective times and places. He was no worker in pastoral prose like the immortal Angler, nor was he immovable in a parish like the naturalist of Selborne, soaking up Nature as a turtle soaks up the sun. He did not have the pathological dependence on field and hedgerow that the lonely Jefferies had; he did not concentrate upon the fascinating minutiae with which the books of Burroughs are methodically filled; he did not do his looking with the almost insect eyes of Fabre. And he lacked—as who does not?—the genius of Hudson for telling tales, the beautiful, baffling gift of a simplicity that never on two pages is the same. Muir belongs with Audubon and Thoreau. Not that he is anything like either, or that anyone is like Thoreau. But he shares their boundless energy, and he plunges into Nature with their particular type of enthusiasm. Audubon careering through deep forests and along wide rivers after birds, Thoreau vaunting his anarchy among the hickories and woodchucks of Walden, Muir keyed by the sublimities of the Sierra to a forty-years' ecstasy —these are substantially the same.

Muir came with his father from Scotland to Wisconsin in 1849, when he was eleven. The last of his books which he ever

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saw printed, "The Story of My Boyhood and Youth," and it is one of the most admirable American autobiographies, gives proof that even as a boy in Scotland he had been extraordinarily excited by powerful, free movements in the natural world. Here is an account of the skylarks at home:

"Oftentimes on a broad meadow near Dunbar we stood for hours enjoying their marvelous singing and soaring. From the grass where the nest was hidden the male would suddenly rise, as straight as if shot up, to a height of perhaps thirty or forty feet, and sustaining himself with rapid wing-beats, pour down the most delicious melody, sweet and clear and strong, overflowing all bounds, then suddenly he would soar higher again and again, ever higher and higher, soaring and singing until lost to sight even on perfectly clear days. . . . To test our eyes we often watched a lark until he seemed a faint speck in the sky and finally passed beyond the keenest-sighted of us all. 'I see him yet!' we would cry, 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' as he soared. And finally only one of us would be left to claim that he still saw him. At last he, too, would have to admit that the singer had soared beyond his sight, and still the music came pouring down to us in glorious profusion, from a height far above our vision, requiring marvelous power of wing and marvelous power of voice, for that rich, delicious, soft, and yet clear music was distinctly heard long after the bird was out of sight. Then, suddenly ceasing, the glorious singer would appear, falling like a bolt straight down to his nest, where his mate was sitting on the eggs."

In Wisconsin Muir worked very hard on his Calvinist father's backwoods farm, growing to great stature and strength and educating himself in poetry and the sciences under difficulties that few boys on earth would have surmounted. Bed-time in winter was eight o'clock, and the father was so great a stickler for rules that he rebuked the son for lingering in the kitchen, as he often did, ten minutes with book and candle; adding, however, that he could get up any morning as early as he liked. Pathetically grateful for this concession, Muir did nothing less than rise at one each zero morning of his fifteenth winter and read in the kitchen or work in the cellar with tools. He developed an uncanny genius for mechanical invention, contriving in scrap iron and wood a number of marvelous clocks, a huge thermometer that could be read from any corner of the farm, and a machine that would dump him out of bed in the morning—though he had little need of that last, as his father grimly observed. He soon became famous in the neighborhood and was encouraged one year to exhibit his inventions at the State Fair. He went to Madison, made a hit, secured employment of several sorts, worked his way through the State University, and by thirty was equipped for whatever distant wildernesses most irresistibly called him. "I wish I knew where I was going," he wrote in a letter at twenty-nine. "I wish I could be more moderate in my desires, but I cannot, and so there is no rest."

The demon drew him first to Florida, whither he went on foot from Indianapolis in 1867, botanizing. The journal which he kept on that excursion has been posthumously published as "A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf," and is rich not only in delicate observation but in humor. He was entirely happy, tramping the back paths of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida, for specimens abounded, and the shade was thick and continuous, but he was also quick to observe the people as they passed, and in those post-Rebellion days the people were curious when they were not pathetic. He slept several nights under live-oaks in the Bonaventure graveyard near Savannah, at home there because he accepted death as he accepted life, with a whole mind. "Death is stingless indeed, and as beautiful as life . . . the grave has no victory, for it never fights." From Florida he took a boat to Cuba, where he was seized with a passion for California, and April of the next year landed him at San Francisco. The rest of his life, so far at least as it can be read in books, was identified with the mountains of the West and North. He went to Africa once, and once to Siberia, but his writing was about the Sierra Nevada, Alaska, and the Arctic Ocean, and his best and greatest writing was about the Sierra.

"Looking westward from the summit of the Pacheco Pass one shining morning, a landscape was displayed that after all my wanderings still appears as the most beautiful I have ever beheld. At my feet lay the Great Central Valley of California, level and flowery, like a lake of pure sunshine, forty or fifty miles wide, five hundred miles long, one rich furred garden of yellow compositae. And from the eastern boundary of this vast golden flower-bed rose the mighty Sierra, miles in height, and so gloriously colored and so radiant, it seemed not clothed with light, but wholly composed of it, like the wall of some celestial city. Along the top and extending a good way down, was a rich pearl-gray belt of snow; below it a belt of blue and dark purple, marking the extension of the forests; and stretching along the base of the range a broad belt of rose-purple; all these colors, from the blue sky to the yellow valley smoothly blending as they do in a rainbow, making a wall of light ineffably fine. Then it seemed to me that the Sierra should be called, not the Nevada or Snowy Range, but the Range of Light. And after ten years of wandering and wondering in the heart of it, rejoicing in its glorious floods of light, the white beams of the morning streaming through the passes, the noonday radiance on the crystal rocks, the flush of the alpenglow, and the irised spray of countless waterfalls, it still seems above all others the Range of Light. In general views no mark of man is visible upon it, nor anything to suggest the wonderful depth and grandeur of its sculpture. None of its magnificent forest-crowned ridges seems to rise much above the general level to publish its wealth. No great valley or river is seen, or group of well-marked features of any kind standing out as distinct pictures. Even the summit peaks, marshaled in glorious array so high in the sky, seem comparatively regular in form. Nevertheless the whole range five hundred miles long is furrowed with canyons two to five thousand feet deep, in which once flowed majestic glaciers, and in which now flow and sing the bright rejoicing rivers."

So lofty and so vibrant was the world Muir made the dwelling-place, now of his body, now of his imagination, during the remainder of his many years. The energy of the paragraph just quoted can be matched on almost any page of the five volumes which he devoted to his mountains. It is a miracle of literature, this rapture maintained at so high a pitch over so long a time. He passed the prime portion of his life climbing these cliffs, exploring these valleys, measuring and mapping these glaciers, threading these forests, sleeping upon these peaks, pausing upon these precipices "transparent as glass" to the beauty around him, and zealous to enter that beauty in his journal. The legend of his mountaineering is still strong in California. He could and would go anywhere, and he always brought back poetry with his facts; for he was a scientist, an authority on glaciers, as avid after data as an Agassiz or a Darwin.

Perhaps a greater miracle consists in the fact that his books have the virtue of variety. There was every chance for them to be monotonous. Clarence King, mountaineering in the later 1860's, found comic relief from the exaltation of the Sierra in pack-mules and the squalid Digger Indians whom he met and occasionally camped with. If the readers of Muir grow tired of the "high, cool, green pastures" where he feeds their minds, it can never be for long, because relief is near in the animals which he inimitably describes, the shepherds and the Indians he hits off. No pages of Burroughs or Thoreau or Fabre are livelier than those of Muir on bears, on bees, on mountain sheep, on rattle-snakes, on the Douglas squirrels, and on those equally living things, the redwoods and the valley flowers. Or take this shepherd who accompanied him up the mountains in the summer of 1869:

"Our shepherd is a queer character and hard to place in this wilderness. His bed is a hollow made in red dry-rot punky dust beside a log which forms a portion of the south wall of the corral. Here he lies with his wonderful everlasting clothing on,

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wrapped in a red blanket, breathing not only the dust of the decayed wood but also that of the corral, as if determined to take ammoniacal snuff all night after chewing tobacco all day. Following the sheep he carries a heavy six-shooter swung from his belt on one side and his luncheon on the other. The ancient cloth in which the meat, fresh from the frying-pan, is tied, serves as a filter through which the clear fat and gravy juices drip down on his right hip and leg in clustering stalactites. This oleaginous formation is soon broken up, however, and diffused and rubbed evenly into his scanty apparel, by sitting down, rolling over, crossing his legs while resting on logs, etc., making shirt and trousers water-tight and shiny. His trousers, in particular, have become so adhesive with the mixed fat and resin that pine needles, thin flakes and fibers of bark, hair, mica scales, and minute grains of quartz, hornblende, etc., feathers, seed wings, moth and butterfly wings, legs and antennae of innumerable insects, or even whole insects such as the small beetles, moths, and mosquitoes, with flower petals, pollen dust, and indeed bits of all plants, animals, and minerals of the region adhere to them and are safely imbedded, so that though far from being a naturalist he collects fragmentary specimens of everything and becomes richer than he knows. His specimens are kept passably fresh, too, by the purity of the air and the resiny bituminous beds into which they are pressed. Man is a microcosm, at least our shepherd is, or rather his trousers. These precious overalls are never taken off, and nobody knows how old they are, though one may guess by their thickness and concentric structure. Instead of wearing thin they wear thick, and in their stratification have no small geological significance."

The account may close with Muir's two Arctic volumes, "Travels in Alaska" and "The Cruise of the Corwin," which are triumphs of the same sort. The danger in their case was that too much should be said about ice and snow. Muir, whose constitution after all was of the purest and coldest stuff, who looked upon the universe with veritably "glacial eyes," got all the whiteness possible into his report, but when he had got that in, resorted to Eskimos and reindeer, seals and polar bears, for entertainment. The Arctic volumes, like all the others that he stole good time from Nature to assemble from old notes, have every sign that they will seem refreshing and important as long as there are persons to read them.

MARK VAN DOREN

Economics in Europe

What Next in Europe? By Frank A. Vanderlip. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

A Revision of the Treaty. By J. M. Keynes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THESE two books are complementary. One is the work of a great practical financier and business man, the other that of an economic theorist who has been drawn out of academic seclusion into close contacts with public affairs. The one approaches his subject from the comparatively disinterested angle of an outside spectator, the other as a member of a nation vitally concerned in the European trouble. Mr. Vanderlip gives us the best extensive survey of the European situation up to date from first-hand information. Mr. Keynes gives an intensive study of European economics with the Reparations problem as its kernel.

Several months journeying through most European countries, with opportunities of intercourse with statesmen, business men, and labor leaders, afforded a unique opportunity to one who, like Mr. Vanderlip, knew what questions to put and what information to collect. But the most conspicuous merit of his book is not the vivid pictures he gives of the financial quandary in which every European state now finds itself and the miserable entanglements that clog the process of recovery. The vicious circle formed by reparations, inter-Allied indebtedness, inflation, unbalanced budgets, extravagant expenditure, burdensome taxation, unemployment is dismally familiar to us all. Mr. Vanderlip gathers the meaning of this otherwise confused medley of troubles into a single judgment of general import by attributing their common causation to the Bad Peace, and a Peace which is Bad primarily in that it ignored economic laws. It was, of course, also bad in other ways, unjust, vindictive, pledge-breaking, and was followed by a course of conduct which drove these vices to extremities of cruelty. But the central folly and iniquity consisted in making political arrangements which violated economic laws. A wide-eyed, well-informed American necessarily sees Europe as one economic system, not complete but in substance interdependent by a long and ever-growing intercourse which was reflected in a high degree of national economic specialization. The interchange of goods and services across national barriers has been conducted by an elaborate, steady, and secure machinery of transport and finances, built up and operated mainly by private business enterprise for the common welfare of all peoples. The political and economic conditions of the peace and post-war Allied policy were a closely contrived sabotage of this economic intercourse. Mr. Vanderlip cites the chief features of this cruel folly, the mutilation of Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria for the enrichment of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, and Rumania, with alien millions and foreign territories, the dividing up of Turkey by the separate and conflicting pulls of Greece, Italy, France, and Great Britain, the chief object of imperialism in each case being the exploitation of the national resources, the labor, and the taxable capacity of the seized provinces.

The treaties which wrought these evils he rightly designates the Poison Treaties of Paris. "Outside of the provision for the League of Nations, there is nothing in the various treaties of Paris that is healing. It is not difficult to see how men were moved to conceive such treaties. It is very difficult to see, however, how a continent afflicted with them can recover until they are rewritten; for that they will be rewritten is inevitable. They have set up situations as unstable as quicksilver. They have drawn national lines that may be erased like pencil marks. They have created economic conditions which must be altered, or whole peoples must economically perish."

Much of the trouble Mr. Vanderlip justly imputes to what he terms the "economic illiteracy" of politicians. In other words, a series of sudden and violent changes were imposed upon the European system, for political, strategic, racial, and other reasons which ignored the vital common factors. The manufacture of new sovereign states in Eastern Europe which broke off economic relations with one another is only the most conspicuous example of this error. Everywhere the doctrine of self-determination was abused to this end, by encouraging new nationalities to become economically self-sufficient, when nature and past history had denied the possibility of such self-sufficiency. It is really tragical that high statecraft should have betrayed such crude ignorance of the essential facts of life. Mr. Vanderlip's survey is, I think, defective only in one respect. He had not time to visit Russia and get his information on the spot. His chief positive judgments, formed after intercourse with many Russians in other countries, are doubtless correct. Bolshevism cannot be now displaced by any other form of government; it is not likely to spread in its extreme form to other countries; and considerable modifications in its policy are taking place. Mr. Vanderlip also sees that Germany must play the largest part in any economic reconstruction and development of Russia, and that it is to the interest of all Europe that she should do so. He does not, however, recognize how deeply responsible the blockade of Russia by the Allies and their stimulation of civil war in that country have been for the present miseries and starvation to which countless millions of these innocent peoples, the sufferers of bad government and wicked foreign intervention, have been condemned.

Mr. Vanderlip has two important constructive proposals, which deserve close attention but into which I have no space to enter here. The first is the setting up of a Gold Reserve Bank

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for the United States of Europe. Once seize the notion that Europe is and must be economically one, and some such project of establishing a joint monetary system to displace the many broken-down national moneys seems an obvious necessity. It it a necessity, if it is a possibility. And whether it is this depends upon how much insight and faith men like Mr. Vanderlip can get into their countrymen. For the immediate means for establishing such a European Reserve Bank must be found in the surplus gold which swells the Washington treasury, and in the backing which England, as the strongest financial power of Europe, will give to such a scheme. The other project is one by which America will not remit the debts which European governments owe her, but convert them into credits for the economic reconstruction of Europe with the belief that this is the best and soundest business policy for a creditor who does not want immediate payment either in gold or goods but would like to postpone such payment to a future when the debtor countries can afford to pay and America can afford to receive payment.

No summary of Mr. Keynes's book, a sequel to his "Economic Consequences of the Peace," is possible. For his chapters are a compact and concise statement of the case for the necessity of a drastic revision of the reparation terms. He gives a brief but sufficient history of the different stages by which the impossible indemnity, the child of mad vengeance and electioneering tactics, has been reduced to its present proportions. The opinion of all informed politicians and business men in Britain and other European countries has been gradually veering round to Mr. Keynes's position. Enlightened self-interest has played a greater part than principle in bringing this change. France, unfortunately, lags far behind, refusing to believe that Germany cannot pay. Mr. Keynes is equally convincing in the chapters analyzing the exaggerated figures of the bill for damages, drawn up by interested creditors, with no impartial scrutiny, and in his analysis of the resources available in Germany for payment. Summarizing the preposterous claims for reconstruction of houses and lands in the French devastated areas, he concludes that "it is at least four times the truth," while "the Belgian claim is open to much the same criticism as the French." Nor does the British claim for destroying shipping escape scot free. The fact is that not only has the bill been packed with huge demands for pensions and allowances expressly excluded by the armistice agreement, but every separate charge has been overstated. How should it be otherwise when the conditions of a dictated peace make victors judges in their own case, and executioners as well?

After a full discussion of Germany's ability to pay (including a scathing exposure of the lies about low German taxation), together with the Allies' ability to receive payment without grave detriment to their home trade and foreign markets, Mr. Keynes makes a number of plain recommendations.

He would reduce the 138 milliard gold marks fixed by the Reparation Commission to 36 milliards, the sum to which he believes the Allies are really entitled under the armistice terms. This 36 milliards he would divide so that France would get 18, the British Empire 11, Belgium 3, the United States 2, Italy 1, and other claimants 1. But as a proposal separate from this revision he urges the waiver of her whole claim by Great Britain (with the exception of 1 milliard) and the substitution of an index-number of the commodity value of gold instead of the single fluctuating gold. He would use this revision of our British share as a part inducement to get other treaty changes, especially the withdrawal of the Allied troops from German territory and the abandonment of all rights of invasion except by leave of the League of Nations. "But in return the British Empire and the United States should guarantee to France and Belgium all reasonable assistance, short of warfare, in securing satisfaction for their reduced claims."

His general plan is thus summarized in three terms: (1) Great Britain and, if possible, America too, to cancel all the debts owing to them from the governments of Europe and to waive their claims to any share of German reparations; (2) Germany to pay 1,260 million gold marks (£63,000,000 gold) per annum for thirty years, and to hold available a lump sum of 1,000 million gold marks for assistance to Poland and Austria; (3) this annual payment to be assigned in the shares 1,080 million gold marks to France and 180 million to Belgium.

Mr. Keynes, with Mr. Vanderlip, holds that if France on the one side, America on the other, could be brought to see their true large-range business interests, they would acquiesce in some such arrangement, not rejecting a sound policy because it carried the appearance of generosity and mildness.

JOHN A. HOBSON

Dream and Awakening

Up Stream: An American Chronicle. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE Young Intellectual, as everyone knows, is having a rheumatic time of it in the Republic. His groans and protests, indeed, fill the land, and whenever he can raise the money without security he takes ship for foreign parts, there to immerse himself in sneers. He is the Hamlet of our time and nation. But does the name of Hamlet exhaust the whole tale of human suffering and disaster? I doubt it. There have been men as hard beset by fate, and even men worse beset: Lazarus, Job, Werther, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, William Jennings Bryan. They have a brother in one whose inner agonies seem to be little suspected: the 100 per cent American. If he is mentioned, it is simply to mock him. Yet there must be pains running up and down his vertebrae, in these days of wholesale Katzenjammer, that are certainly as poignant as any felt by the Young Intellectual. With every new dawn comes a new cackle in derision of him, a new blasting of his patriotic hopes, a new outrage upon his delicacies. I confine myself, in example, to onslaughts purely literary, and in that field to a salient few. First "Jurgen," with its appalling chapter upon life in hell. Then "Main Street." Then "Three Soldiers." Now Ludwig Lewisohn's "Up Stream." And on some near tomorrow John Kenneth Turner's staggering history of the American share in the war.

The Lewisohn book lacks the rattle and glitter of "Three Soldiers," and is hence less likely to arrest the attention and arouse the ire of the New York *Times*, the American Legion, the Rotary Club, the Sulgrave Foundation, the Ku Klux Klan, and other such eminent agencies of correct thought. But it is far more searching and profound, and a far mellower and nobler piece of writing, and so I incline to think that in the long run it is likely to leave deeper and more florid scars. All that "Three Soldiers" says, in brief, is that war is a rough and dirty business, and that it is intensely unpleasant to be thrust unwillingly into a trench, and hoofed by cads in epaulets. The news is not actually new; many a man of logical talents, I daresay, reached it a priori and without any experience of army life. But "Up Stream" says something that is far less obvious, and says it with almost irresistible persuasiveness: to wit, that the brand of Americanism which is now officially and semi-officially on tap, and which countless evangelists strive to force down the gullets of groaning wops, bohunks, polacks, greasers, heinies, squareheads, and kikes, is indistinguishable both microscopically and macroscopically from numskullery and bounderism—that it is intolerably ignorant, cowardly, servile, and disgusting, and that the measure of an immigrant's dignity as a man is to be taken by noting the energy and diligence with which he resists being physicked with it. If he submits docilely, with tears in his eyes, then some foreign principality has lost either an imbecile or a rascal. But if he gags heroically, biting both the doctor and the policeman, then the American Republic has gained a man.

Let me hasten to add that Lewisohn himself is no such laudable Berserker; in his own chronicle he appears less as hero than as betrayed innocent. A German Jew of sound and

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civilized stock, he was brought to the United States as a child, and experienced in his youth the harsh pressures which play upon the immigrant, here as everywhere. Those pressures are partly economic: it is hard to make a living in a strange land, with new concepts of labor and barter to master, and a new language, and new and disconcerting prejudices. But they are also partly social: the immigrant is not only poor, but also lonesome. No wonder he so eagerly falls a prey to cultural temptations—to the lure of ideas and customs that, at all events, promise him decent human companionship! No wonder the prairie States produce Germans and Scandinavians who are Prohibitionists! No wonder the Jews of the towns turn Episcopalian! Where Mr. Lewisohn lived, in some backwater of the South, the decent whites were all Methodists. In his groping teens, cut off from his heritage and still too feeble to stand alone, he succumbed easily to that bizarre revelation. At fifteen or sixteen young Ludwig confessed his sins, renounced Moses, threw away his phylacteries, and joined the Epworth League!

His story thereafter is a story of gradual recovery from that supreme storm of spiritual measles—with a dash of major surgery at the end. The Epworth League, of course, could not hold him long—else there would have been no book of his to review today. Inside the plaster Methodist, it soon appeared, there was a very real poet, and this poet presently broke out. What was ahead for him? Great joy, to be sure, but also difficulty and disillusion—poverty, the iron face of prejudice, struggle, heartburning, doubt, dismay. It was the Jew rather than the German who had all these dragons to face. In college, at the university, above all when the time came to make a living, there was an ominous hemming and hawing. Certain very attractive teaching posts, it appeared, went only to flat or concave noses; certain great seminaries had an immovable passion for Nordic blonds. But I doubt that this stone wall really gave the young scholar as much pause as he now thinks it did. He was rebuffed and humiliated, but not everywhere. Finally, he found a comfortable berth in a fresh-water State university, and there he roosted when I first knew him—writing books, acquiring an audience, developing a style, studying and teaching, getting shelter and enough to eat. A happy enough life—for a man interested in prosody. A far, far lift above the intellectual sewers of the South, and the puerile concerns of the Epworth League.

Then came the war, and catastrophe. It was now the German, not the Jew, who went upon the chopping block. The story, as told, is full of hesitations and restraints; there runs through it an obvious effort to avoid bitterness. But what an experience it must have been, what a colossal disillusionment!—old friends turned into treacherous and shameful enemies overnight; the hard work of years requited with denial and contumely; the air full of threats, ominous whispers, extravagant accusations; incredible poltroonery everywhere; all the normal decencies and amenities of life sacrificed to an ignoble and idiotic hate! Lewisohn, as I say, holds down the soft pedal; he is plainly trying to be magnanimous. But what he fails to tell may be supplied out of the common history of that time. It is a history that must be written some day, and to the last detail. No man who had a hand in the making of it should be forgotten. For two long years it was a humiliation to be an American, and for one of them it was a downright disgrace.

But there were compensations, and one of them is before us: Lewisohn was cured. The danger that menaced him before the hurricane was not that he was a Jew, but that he was a typical American pedagogue, and likely to remain one. Given time enough and ease enough, and he might have become the exact counterpart of the poor dolts whose craven swineries he now so pityingly describes—pathetic vacuums whose place in the world, by a fine irony, is now fixed by his pages. He escaped that depressing fate. He came out of the spiritual stockyards a dubious American, if current standards count for anything, but a fine artist. His skill now shines forth from his book. It is of capital value as document, pure and simple; it displays its facts adroitly and it carries conviction. But it is of even greater value as—I almost said a work of imagination. It has color, charm, grace, finish, eloquence. It is the book of a man who knows how to write English.

H. L. MENCKEN

Dry, Sweet, and Flat

Patchwork. By Beverley Nichols. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.
The Widow's Cruse. By Hamilton Fyfe. Thomas Seltzer. $2.
Salt Lake. By Pierre Benoit. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS is a "brilliant young novelist" who actually shows considerable brilliance, and in spite of all its immaturities "Patchwork" is quite preposterously diverting. Since "The Importance of Being Earnest," at least, we have met often enough the negligently graceful young hero who liked to see the newspaper at breakfast because newspapers were "so useful for telling what the date was," but often as we have met him we have never seen him so admiringly described or so sympathetically analyzed. The author, according to the jacket, is a young man just "down" from Oxford and he has obviously accepted Dandyism as one of the major philosophies of life, being very earnest indeed about the value of frivolity and confessing a veritable nostalgia for the nineties. His hero, who he confesses in a foreword "did many things which I myself did," and whom he admires very much, sets out earnestly to redeem Oxford from earnestness and to see that the art of the epigram shall not perish.

> Oscar, thou shouldst be living at this hour,
> Oxford hath need of thee

is the all but voiced burden of his plea, and to post-war Oxford he addresses the exhortation: Come, it is our duty to be irresponsible and not to let it be said that we are less inexpressibly utter than was the giant race before the flood.

With it all, Mr. Nichols has written an entertaining and revealing story of college life as seen through the eyes of an undergraduate. He has shown, for instance, how bad a certain brand of good manners can be, and described some phases of the Oxford Tradition in such a way as to make clear that it is but an English version of the rah-rah spirit of our own universities. But in the process he has proved his metal by studding his pages with highly acceptable epigrams designed according to a tested pattern, and he has not neglected to plant his purple patches, though unfortunately he is pretty bad at just the places where he undoubtedly fancies that he is at his best. His London from a bus, for example, and its prostitute "with her cheeks aflame with artificial fires, her hair of tinsel gold, and her mouth reddened by the shame of alien kisses," who manages nevertheless "to keep about her the subtle attraction of poisonous things," would hardly have done even in the palmiest days of the lamented Reign of Rouge. When Mr. Nichols grows up he may legitimately point with pride to some pages in which he has caught the self-consciousness of youth, but he will realize that in others he has been not a little—but perhaps quite pardonably—silly. Meanwhile his picture is all the more revealing and diverting on account of his participation in the immaturities which he describes.

In wishing to compare this and the two succeeding novels with alcoholic liquors we mean no disparagement to the work of the imagination; and if it seem that such a comparison is too materialistic it should be remembered that drinks have, theoretically at least, passed into that realm of the forgotten or the non-existent which constitutes the Ideal. Accordingly we shall call "Patchwork" champagne. Undoubtedly it is in need of ripening. Possibly, also, it has been carbonated a little in order to make it sparkle somewhat more than it would of its own nature—and that is a terrible thing to do to champagne

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A List of New Spring Fiction

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NUMBER 87

By Harrington Hext

"A book of unusual interest and importance, both as literature and as a highly suggestive tract for the times. A fantastic mystery novel de luxe. It has the elements of a veritable best seller."—*H. L. Pangborn in The New York Herald.* $1.50

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—but it belongs to the champagne type nevertheless. "The Widow's Cruse," on the other hand, is as indubitably port. Mr. Fyfe's story of a Dulcy who fell in love with the posthumous fame of her husband and gradually convinced herself that she and he had been mates of the soul, verges toward the farcical, but his firm grip upon character while he lets his fancy wander gives that rich and fruity flavor which makes port the wine to be rolled upon the tongue. His satire has body and potency, but it has also the suavity which gives mellowness. As for Pierre Benoit, the search for his alcoholic analogue will carry us far afield, but there was a concoction, known to the reviewer only by hearsay, which used to be prepared for impecunious men without stomachs. It was compounded of very dilute whiskey fortified with caustic soda and sulphuric acid. Such is "Salt Lake." It stings the throat, but even the vulgarest kick fails to result.

Surely the popularity of this volume of melodramatic rubbish in Benoit's native land will give a sad blow to those who would find in France support for the myth of a cultured *nation*. For his characters he has chosen a Jesuit conventionally astute, a parson conventionally hypocritical, and a beautiful heroine conventionally rich but even more of a ninny than the conventions of such romance demand. Almost the only deviation which he has permitted himself from the often-used stereotype of his story consists in making the marriage which the heroine contracts with the villain not mock but polygamous, and solely to make this possible he has transferred the scene of the story all the way to Utah. As a result of telling such a tale in the barest of scenario styles he has sold 150,000 copies in France in a few months and furnished excellent material for a chapter in a book which we hope that some of his young intellectual compatriots will write and call "Civilisation en France."

Discussing Benoit and "Salt Lake" in the New York *Times*, Stephane Lauzanne says that "after all, it's the public that must be right"; but we must say that it seems to us that this is a peculiarly unfortunate example by which to prove the success of the method of popular acclaim for the election of immortals. If the voice of the people be in artistic matters the voice of God, then we are ready to believe that Messrs. Sumner, Straton, et al., are His accredited representatives and that the Deity is indeed, as they maintain, careless of aesthetic values.

J. W. Krutch

The Story of Fish

Fishing from the Earliest Times. By William Radcliffe. E. P. Dutton and Company. $10.

THIS is a fish story. But ye Gods and little fishes what a fish story it is!

The author of this review (let him make this confession right away) knows nothing about the noble art of angling, crocodile-catching, the training of fish-dogs or eel fishing with sheep-guts. When he was very young his grandfather, who was an addict of that popular Dutch sport, took him fishing one day. It was great fun until the little boy actually caught some queer little minnow. The beast apparently did not like being jerked into the fresh air of the early morning. It seemed to suffer pain from the hook which had pierced its nose or mouth or whatever it was. As soon as Grandfather's back was turned the critter was slipped back into the muddy water and that was an end to our career as a fisherman. But we are perfectly willing that other people should do the catching if they will let us do the eating, and we like to read about fishes in books like these.

The author of this book, sometime of Balliol College (we wish that those "sometime" pupils would tell us why they left before they became Balliol A.B. or Ph.D. or D.V.S. or something) seems to belong to a piscatorial family. His sister or some one asked him to write something or other in her fish-book or hunt-book—or was it merely guest-book? Out of this piscatory literary effort grew a mighty volume of almost five hundred pages. The entire world of Egypt, Babylon, Israel, Phoenicia, Greece, and Rome became one vast piscina, and like a second Moses, William Radcliffe has climbed Mount Pisgah to gaze upon a promised land where the Hymns of Hate shall have been forgotten for the less deadly (without season) Odes to Oysters and where discussions of 42 and 41 cm. shells shall be replaced by peaceful discussions upon the respective values of the Martialian or Aelian "artificial fly."

To our humble selves, who have been trying for more than half a year to find a novel that would make us forget the particular sort of world we want most particularly to forget, this book came as a godsend. It is the sort of book the English used to write before they went in for a scientific literary output and wrote just whatever they liked to write, without a hopeful eye firmly fixed upon the market reports of their American agents. It is a good-natured book. It is a well-mannered book. The author writes about fishes and mostly about dead fishes. But he respects his victim. He appreciates the feelings of the poor fish. He makes us feel sorry for him and happy for ourselves. It is a personally conducted book. It is a million miles away from that Teutonic ideal of historiography which has done more damage to the peace and happiness of the world than old man Hindenburg himself. It is full of learning and never becomes erudite. In short, we, for one, like the book so much that we won't say anything more about it.

It is the most amusing book we have read for ages, and while our neighbors go fishing in the little and big Miami Rivers or spend their time reading about our best families in Palm Beach catching the biggest fishes on and of record, we shall stay at home and read Radcliffe.

Hendrik Willem van Loon

Remy de Gourmont

A Night in the Luxembourg. With Preface and Appendix by Arthur Ransome.—*Philosophic Nights in Paris.* Being Selections from *Promenades Philosophiques.* Translated by Isaac Goldberg.—*The Book of Masks.* Translated by Jack Lewis. Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. All by Remy de Gourmont. John W. Luce and Company. $2 each.

Decadence and Other Essays on the Culture of Ideas. By Remy de Gourmont. Authorized translation by William Aspenwall Bradley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A Virgin Heart. By Remy de Gourmont. Authorized translation by Aldous Huxley. Nicholas L. Brown. $2.

THE fate of Remy de Gourmont, in English, has so far been unusual. Within the past two years several of his books have been translated into our language, and any reader of the literary periodicals must have been struck by the frequency with which his name is being evoked to sponsor critical, philosophical, and aesthetic judgments. Indeed, Remy de Gourmont is rapidly becoming our most widely and most reverentially quoted authority in the domain of ideas. This development is so sudden that the uninformed reader might be pardoned for believing that Gourmont is a recent discovery of critics writing in English. Yesterday his name was uttered at infrequent intervals, and then with slight emphasis; now it flows facilely from every pen, and is spoken with gusto. But Gourmont is not a recent discovery. Our more educated critics have enjoyed the acquaintance of this gentleman for some years, and they have made diligent use of the acquaintanceship. In fact, before the name of Remy de Gourmont was known to more than a handful of readers in England and America, his critical methods, and a discriminating selection from his stock of opinions, had been transported across the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. So it came about that his ideas preceded his name, that he won his first English reading audience anonymously, or, to be more accurate, under various pseudonyms which, since they happen to be the proper names of some of our better known critics, it would be unwise to enumerate in this place. Plagiarism, barring the direct parallel, is among the less easily demonstrable

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crimes. But for some years, now, the admirer of Gourmont has seen reflections, even transcriptions, from his pages, decked out in English, but bereft of the proprietary mark of inverted commas. The marauding gang preserved a discreet silence as to the source of their sudden riches. When a few honest fellows began to quote, however, the secret was out; and it is now amusing to note how many writers have a whole cistern of Gourmont's opinions on tap. Yesterday, apparently, they knew him not. Today, he is hailed as an ancient and most valued friend.

The work of translation, however, proceeds slowly and in a manner not calculated to give entire satisfaction to the just man. There can be no quarrel with the selection of "A Night in the Luxembourg" for the first volume of Gourmont to be done into English. It has a more general appeal than its author's purely critical writings; it is a perfect exposition in poetic prose of its author's Epicurean philosophy; it makes delightful reading; it is a masterpiece. Mr. Arthur Ransome's translation is sympathetic and faithful. But this happy beginning was followed by a composite volume bearing, in English, the title "Philosophic Nights in Paris." If Mr. Isaac Goldberg had ransacked the "quarante beaux livres chargés de pensée, de science, et de rêve, dans une langue magique" of Remy de Gourmont with the intention of selecting non-representative and inconsequential fragments, the character of this book would be explicable; produced in accordance with any other scheme, it must remain a mystery. "The Book of Masks," which followed in the same series, is a translation of the first volume only of "Le Livre des masques." It is an impressionistic interpretation, and fragmentary history, of the symbolist movement, written by the critic best equipped by sympathy and information for such a task. It holds a significant place in the complete edition of Gourmont's work; but, since the individual studies of which it is composed are devoted, in many instances, to poets whose names are wholly strange to the ears of American readers, it was a dubious act of judgment to bring it to this country in the van of its author's books.

The appearance of "Decadence and Other Essays on the Culture of Ideas" furnishes cause for rejoicing. This volume contains the most important sections from "La Culture des idées" and "Le Chemin de velours," with one essay from "Promenades philosophiques," translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. It is honestly representative and it is coherent, presenting us with the essay in which Gourmont explained, and some of the essays in which he applied, his critical method which he called "la dissociation des idées." Since this book has been reviewed recently in the pages of *The Nation*, there is no need to dwell upon its importance; it is enough to remark that it furnishes the best introduction to Remy de Gourmont's thought now available in English.

To the above list of translations must be added "The Virgin Heart," Englished by Aldous Huxley, and "Dust for Sparrows," a collection of notebook snippets which appeared in the *Dial*. "The Virgin Heart" is a study of feminine innocence—its author was tempted to call it a "physiological novel"—which serves to emphasize the fact that Gourmont was primarily a critic. Mr. Huxley has done a competent piece of work; the fact that there is notably less feeling on page 171 of the English version than was displayed in the original is, doubtless, due to no fault of the translator. Of "Dust for Sparrows" it is sufficient to say that it does not belie its aptronymic: it requires a painful act of faith in Mr. Ezra Pound, the translator, to believe that these trivialities and stupidities ever came from the pen of Gourmont.

This, then, is all that translators into English have done for one of the greatest critics that France, the land of critics, has ever produced; an author who began to publish more than thirty-five years ago, who will have been dead for seven years next September. Truly, we move with extreme deliberation in these affairs. The world of commerce has perfected its systems

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of communication; the world of ideas still depends on individual pilgrims, natural cataclysms, or foreign invasions.

What need is there for a definitive edition of Remy de Gourmont in English? What do these untranslated books contain? What is their author's place in literature, in philosophy, in criticism? These are tempting questions; but the answers are not easy. For various reasons it is almost impossible to give within a small compass a comprehensive and coherent account of Gourmont's work and the nature of his achievements. He was a philosopher, a critic, a novelist, a dramatist, a poet, an essayist, a journalist, a philologist, and a man of encyclopaedic erudition. The mere list of his books is baffling to the critic; but what infinitely complicates the critical task is the order in which these books appeared. Gourmont's intellectual life cannot be parceled neatly into definite periods; his volumes do not fall into convenient groups nicely set off by chronological divisions: he did not begin life as a poet, turn novelist, pursue criticism, and end as a philosopher. He developed according to no simple scheme. Even his earliest works, which are sometimes lumped together, do not form a homogeneous mass. He experimented with literary forms as tirelessly as he experimented with ideas. The same year in which he published the exotic "Litanies de la Rose" and the curious drama "Lilith" witnessed the appearance of "Le Latin mystique," a critical volume on the Latin poets of the Middle Ages. His second essay in criticism, "L'Idéalisme," saw the light in 1893, wedged between "Le Fantôme" and "Fleurs de jadis," experiments in symbolism. The first volume of "Le Livre des masques," dated 1896, was immediately preceded by "Le Pèlerin du silence"—a collection of earlier writings along with some new material—and was followed by the remarkable romance entitled "Les Chevaux de Diomède." Nor does chaos take on a semblance of order as we proceed. "La Culture des idées," with its famous essay on the dissociation of ideas, shares the year 1900 with a slim volume of poems bearing the provocative title "Oraisons mauvaises"; immediately preceding them is "Le Songe d'une femme," an attempt at "popular" fiction. In 1906 appears "Une Nuit au Luxembourg" and, one year later, "Un Cœur virginal": these two fictions are surrounded by a swarm of "Promenades littéraires" and "Promenades philosophiques," "Epilogues," and "Dialogues des amateurs."

This far from complete list presents a puzzling sequence; but it is also extremely significant. Like every act, or series of acts, in the life of Remy de Gourmont, it is an affirmation of individual liberty. He tells us that he hated prisons of any kind: he repudiated a fixed plan of study and writing as he spurned the closed cells of every belief. In time and in space his intelligence was free. If it is possible to define him in a phrase, he may be defined as an intellectual cosmopolitan. His physical life was spent, for the most part, in his book-lined hermitage of the rue des Saints-Pères; but he was a citizen of the world of ideas. His mind acknowledged no frontiers, he was at home in every land, he adored new horizons; he surrendered himself to no creed, adopted no system, acknowledged no sovereign. Perhaps the secret of his freedom is that he did not seek "truth." A man who sets forth to find truth is apt to be halted early in his course; he is a man who desires a resting place. The man who seeks untruth finds at every turn of the road a new inspiration to press on.

Remy de Gourmont began his career as a symbolist, and in so far as symbolism is an affirmation of artistic liberty, an aesthetic reflection of the philosophical doctrine of idealism which tells man that the world is his representation, he ended his career as a symbolist. His view of life and facts is always subjective. He held that art is an end in itself; that it has no concern with moral, religious, or social questions; that it is essentially useless—the highest play of which man is capable—and that the instant man attempts to use art it ceases to exist.

Only a belief in the subjective nature of "truth" could justify a thorough skeptic like Gourmont in filling forty volumes with opinions and judgments, however tentative. The skeptic, doubting the adequacy of his own mind to deal with external facts, must remain silent unless he believes that a personal reflection of the universe is the sole reality, that facts exist only by virtue of a creative intelligence. For Remy de Gourmont the intelligence is superior to the material with which it works. It is not a logical machine designed to turn out "truth"; it has no ultimate utilitarian role; its exercise is an end in itself. This man thought for the sake of thinking, as he lived for the sake of living. He reveled in contradictions, since they give, he tells us, an illusion of liberty. In "Proses moroses" he wrote: "Oh, my child, everything is true. Believe, and believe also when I assert the contrary to this, for it is not necessary always to believe in the same thing." And in "Promenades philosophiques" he estimates the importance of facts: "Facts have a very great, but an ephemeral value. Those which are true today will be false tomorrow, because their exactitude relates not to an immutable reality which is external to us, but to an internal reality, as mobile and changing as human psychology. The human mind truly creates nature in the measure that it contemplates, weighs, and measures it. A new method of evaluating forces institutes greater changes in nature than the play of natural forces themselves."

An understanding of this fundamental attitude toward life in general prepares one for the subjective nature of Remy de Gourmont's criticism. For him criticism is a personal, a creative function; and he has admirably explained his own critical role in his essay devoted to Sainte-Beuve. The critic creates values; he is not concerned with traditions, with forms, or with laws. If he sets the seal of his approval upon some "classic" it is because he has found in it values which evoke personal admiration. It is his business "to treat all subjects as though he met them for the first time; to accept no opinion ready made; . . . to be the dupe of no construction; to resolve it immediately into its constituent elements; to have no belief." This critical credo is the key to all of Remy de Gourmont's writings; he is incessantly busy with revaluation.

The illogicality of the human species fascinated Gourmont. For him man is primarily the unreasonable animal. Using his "dissociation of ideas" as a relentless weapon, he was forever turning up priceless specimens of what man calls "truth." In the fields of morals, religion, philosophy, and social convention, the creator of this weapon found suitable objects for its employment. It is designed to reduce "commonplaces" to their constituent parts, to separate the fact from the abstraction. With it Remy de Gourmont has revealed many an unhallowed union. In certain instances he announces his employment of the method, as when he dissociates Mallarmé and the idea of decadence, success and the idea of beauty, instinct and the idea of blind activity. But at all times, avowedly or not, he employs it. He is delightfully ruthless, and the nearest that he comes to apology is to murmur: "The intelligence is an excellent instrument of negation. It is time to employ it, and so stop trying to rear palaces with picks and torches."

The comparison of Remy de Gourmont and Friedrich Nietzsche is almost inevitable. The Frenchman is to the younger generation of today what the German was to the younger generation of yesterday: nearly an idol, a treasure-house, and an inspiration. If one believed in progress one might hail the succession of Gourmont to Nietzsche as an encouraging phenomenon. Certainly it represents a change of no slight magnitude. Nietzsche—no matter how blind some of his interpreters may be to the fact—was fundamentally a moralist and a sentimentalist. He was clear-sighted only when he viewed the contemporary scene. Looking backward, he idealized the Greeks; looking forward, he idealized an imaginary superman. His attacks upon the old values were always emotional, sentimental attacks; they were acts of faith. He broke the old tables only to set up new ones in their place; and he dared to believe that these new tables were wrought from eternal mate-

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rial. Supreme sentimentality of all, he believed in the perfectibility of the human race. When all is said, he was only another prophet.

Remy de Gourmont is the very antithesis of all this. He is a skeptic with a passion for life, but always an intellectual. He preaches liberty, but unlike Nietzsche, and like Epicurus, he knows that the liberty of one man is not the liberty of another. He is not a teacher; he has no opinions which he wishes to impose upon his fellows. His value is not pedagogic; it is that of a spectacle—the spectacle of a free man. At the close of his essay on Success and the Idea of Beauty he writes: "I depart in this respect from the common sentiment, that I do not believe it useful to generalize opinions, to teach admirations. To force admiration is almost as wicked as to force an entrance. It is for each man to procure himself the emotion he needs, and the morality which suits him. Apuleius's ass wanted to crop roses, because by so doing he would resume the human form. It is a very good idea to crop roses. It is one way to achieve freedom."

BEN RAY REDMAN

Byron Once More

Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $10.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, Lord Broughton, Byron's most intimate friend and afterwards his executor, bequeathed to his daughter, the late Lady Dorchester, a large quantity of letters from Lord Byron to himself, to Douglas Kinnaird, to Lady Melbourne, and other friends, together with a number of letters to Byron written by Hobhouse, Kinnaird, Shelley, and others. For many years Lady Dorchester contemplated editing and publishing a selection from this large collection, but various difficulties intervened and she died in 1914 without having carried out her purpose. Latterly it had been her intention to bequeath all these papers to the late Earl of Lovelace, but the publication of "Astarte" in 1905, of which she strongly disapproved, caused her to alter her intention and the manuscripts were bequeathed to John Murray, than whom no more trustworthy and appropriate person could have been selected to possess them and make them public. A series of complicated legal difficulties, having to do with the descent of the copyright in all Byron's unpublished writings through a succession of surviving trustees, had to be disentangled before the correspondence could be published. In his editorial labors Mr. Murray has had the assistance of Lord Ernle (formerly R. E. Prothero) and Richard Edgcumbe.

These hundreds of letters fall roughly into three different classes representing three different phases of Byron's life. There are, first, the letters written during his first visit to the East, between 1808 and 1811, addressed chiefly to Hobhouse. In manner, in tone, in the experiences recorded, and in the point of view maintained, they resemble the correspondence of this period already long since published; they are often hard, harsh, and noisy, filled with high spirits alternating with fits of disillusionment; they are of little value, though perhaps Byron is great enough to endure the publication of even these trivial pieces of his youth.

A second phase follows. Byron returns to England and almost immediately begins his meteoric course of five years (1811-1816) in English society. The letters of this period are addressed for the most part to Lady Melbourne, the mother-in-law of Lady Caroline Lamb and aunt of Miss Milbanke, Byron's future wife. The extraordinary intimacy of this correspondence and the amount of influence over Byron possessed by Lady Melbourne will be a revelation to all students of the poet. But while granting that a series of strange and unhappy circumstances has rendered it necessary to give these letters to the world, one cannot but deeply regret the necessity. For the letters are repulsive and unedifying in the extreme, concerned as they are for the most part with Byron's efforts to extricate himself from the toils of Caroline Lamb while attempting at the same time to seduce the wife of his friend Wedderburn Webster and, still at the same time, consulting his correspondent about the possibility of marriage with Miss Milbanke. Into the details of this nastiness it is unnecessary to enter; the reviewer, fervently echoing Matthew Arnold, exclaims "What a set!" But there are two matters of biographical importance which, though disagreeable, cannot be passed over in entire silence. Two letters of January, 1814, from Mrs. Chaworth-Musters, together with immediately contemporary allusions to her in Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne, almost unanswerably refute the complicated and ingenious theory advanced by Mr. Edgcumbe in his book, "Byron: The Last Phase." It is the more necessary to admit this since at the time of the publication of Mr. Edgcumbe's book *The Nation* accepted his contentions and since the present reviewer has on more than one occasion accepted some of them and advanced further arguments along the same line. Moreover, though I must avow the pain of such a conviction, it must be declared that there are passages in these letters which seem absolutely to substantiate Lord Lovelace's view of the relations of Byron with his sister, Mrs. Leigh. The letters of April 30 and May 1, 1814, put this matter beyond the reasonable doubt of any fair-minded person; until they were published such a doubt certainly could exist. Mr. Murray, with comprehensible loyalty to Byron's memory, cites in his preface Hobhouse's deliberate judgment that "Byron had not been guilty of any enormity." With the evidence now in hand this statement merely indicates that Byron concealed the truth from his friends. The too-often discussed scandal is now substantiated; the matter is at an end; there is no more "Byron mystery" save the mystery of our common human nature.

A change comes over the letters when we pass to the third phase. The second volume of this collection is as delightful as the first is dreary and repulsive. In Italy Byron becomes a great man and a great genius. Many of the letters now for the first time published are quite the equal of those for so many years familiar to everybody. The mere amorist fades into the background; the poet and man of letters reaches complete self-expression. This portion of the book contains a considerable number of hitherto unpublished letters from Shelley. In these there is the same evidence of the fascination which Byron exerted over his fellow-poet as is to be found in other letters and remarks by Shelley. Many of Shelley's letters have to do with the relations of Byron and Jane Clairmont which, while they do not show Byron in an altogether favorable light, do indicate that though Shelley deprecated the tone which Byron adopted towards the mother of Allegra he was thoroughly in sympathy with Byron's plans for his daughter's upbringing. It is gratifying, especially in view of other matters that I have already touched on, to note that Byron is almost unquestionably cleared of what many people have regarded as the most damaging charge ever brought against his honor; I refer to the charge first made by Professor Dowden and repeated by various biographers of Shelley, that Byron suppressed the letter written by Mrs. Shelley to Mrs. Hoppner in which she emphatically denied the scurrilous and unfounded report, conveyed to Byron by Hoppner, of the connection between Shelley and Jane Clairmont. It appears that this letter *was* forwarded by Byron to Mrs. Hoppner and by her returned to Byron, who naturally desired to retain a document relating so closely to the mother of his daughter. It is for this reason, and not because he suppressed the letter, that it was found among his papers after his death.

There is far more of interest in this second volume than can be dealt with in a review; I am perforce content to touch upon these few matters of extreme biographical importance. The notes supplied are concise and reticent; the reticence was indeed carried too far when the allusions substantiating "Astarte" were allowed to pass without any comment. Unfortunately the proofreading has not been all that could be desired.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

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Music

Shifting Values

NOW that the Chicago Opera Company has departed, and the Metropolitan is nearing its last lap, retrospection forces one to the conclusion that opera has no terrors to compare with those that are conjured up by its press agents. Mr. Gatti-Casazza was doubtless sincere when he resolved to abandon the star system. But almost simultaneously with his announcement, the blond beauty of Marie Jeritza flashed across the horizon, drawing abject crowds in its trail. Next followed the glowing genius of Chaliapin to transfix us with the somber magnificence of his Boris; and the public finding an amusing similarity between his name, as they pronounced it, and that of Charlie Chaplin, his popularity became unassailable. But the press remained insatiable. Not content with the headline material contained in the heart-stirring qualities of the one and the bolshevik tendencies of the other, it acclaimed the success of the Viennese soprano as the defeat of Farrar. In return, the latter refused to renew her contract with the Metropolitan. All this, as was to be expected, had excellent box-office results. Jeritza sold out every performance, as Caruso used to do; for Chaliapin in "Boris," an opera which ordinarily never half fills the house, speculators obtained as much as fifty dollars a ticket; while, as for Farrar, each subsequent appearance has occasioned a violent demonstration of good will. Of course no rival organization could compete without offering counter thrills of its own. So the Chicago Opera then proceeded to herald its visit with daily accounts of quarrels between its director-general, Mary Garden, and various prominent members of its company. Whether these reports were true, or whether they emanated solely from the fertile imaginations of press agents and reporters, was shrewdly left unsettled.

Although such reading furnishes a certain amount of amusement, it is an amusement degrading alike to both those who experience it and those who inspire it. Analyzed, it reveals the false standards by which the modern artist is valued; while the space and prominence afforded it emphasize as nothing else the level to which opera has descended. Calvé, after a long absence, appeared in concert and sang a few arias from "Carmen." Here was a woman in her sixties, burdened with flesh and with years. Yet a flash of the eye, a nuance of the voice, a slight movement of shoulder and hip, and she had again magically evoked Mérimée's youthful and fiery heroine, whose secret she alone seems to possess. One other singer only has recently given such vivid and subtle portraiture with such greatness of restraint, and that was Chaliapin. Theirs is becoming a lost art because it is an art no longer in demand. There is, apparently, no need for singers to go through the long and taxing servitude it exacts when phenomenal bellowing or unrestrained vulgarity will prove equally satisfactory to the box office.

And so, one by one, those scores which demand skilled artistry are gradually gathering dust. Except for "Cosi Fan Tutte" we shall have no Mozart at all. Never have we had less inspiring performances of Wagner. The Metropolitan gave one modern German novelty, Erich Korngold's "Die tote Stadt," which served to introduce Jeritza. The Manhattan Company revived an old one, Strauss's "Salomé," which served to reintroduce Mary Garden in the title role; and of the two, the Broadway house made the wiser selection. In Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegourotchka" it was not so happy, however, for the work was so badly cut it did not hang together. Thus mutilated, it proved a poor substitute for the lovely "Coq d'Or," which for some unknown reason had been dropped. As for the French operas at the Manhattan, they have at last, it seems, succumbed to the mannerisms of Mary Garden. One has now to take refuge in early memories in order to endure those roles which she once made memorable. One can thank her, however, as director general, for having given us two such charming ballets as Carpenter's "Birthday of the Infanta" and Gabriel Grovlez's "Fete Robinson"; most of all, though, for producing Sergei Prokofieff's "Love for the Three Oranges." It was the most significant premiere of the season, as it exemplified the revolt of the modern European composer against both the Italian musical melodrama and the long and arid Wagnerian recitative. Like Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," the text is based on a fairy tale of an exquisitely satirical quality that is deliciously echoed in the score. For the sensuous beauty of the older school Prokofieff has substituted the mechanical rhythms of the modern, and confined his sustained musical effects to the orchestra rather than to the singers. He himself conducted, and infused into his reading a dynamic force that was electrifying. It proved to be the most finished and spirited performance that the Chicago Company gave.

Perhaps, after all, what we most need at both houses is conductors of the first rank. The presentations at the Metropolitan, while distinguished for smoothness of ensemble, choral beauty, and artistic settings, lack vitality. Those at the Manhattan, though more spontaneous, are still ragged. Both companies have splendid material waiting to be marshaled, fused, inspired. And in the waiting values have shifted. Today we exalt the instrumentalist. Never have we asked so much from the virtuoso, the small ensemble, or the orchestra. Never have we received such perfection. And during this process of elevation, grand opera has slipped to the downward end of the see-saw. Even its social functions are gradually being assumed by the symphonic organizations. Every season finds it catering more and more to sensationalism, and becoming more and more commercialized. It is this slump in aesthetic standards that, in spite of increased attendance, is marking its decline. For the time being, this hybrid of vocal and dramatic art has apparently ceased to be a paramount musical issue.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Art

The Independents

THE announcement of the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists which was sent out some time ago to artists near and far contained the following counsel: "Artists of all schools should see to it that the strong workers of their acquaintance exhibit this year." This would seem to indicate that the officers and directors of the Society felt a certain dissatisfaction with the fundamental tenet upon which the Society is founded—a tenet which, though apparently sound, is responsible for the tons of rubbish dumped every year into the exhibition halls of the Independents. Never were the mediocre canvases more dispiriting or more abundant than in this year's show. If the announcement brought about any scouting for "strong workers" the present layout at the Waldorf gives little evidence of it.

The Show purports to be a complete survey of contemporary American art—at least the foreword of the catalogue says it is. That is hard to believe. Rather, it seems to be representative of the hundreds of incompetents who have only to dig up the price of wall space to hang what they please. This may be diverting for them, but it is tough plodding for the public. Excellent canvases can be found, but at what a sacrifice of time and energy! Like the dog in the proverb, you get no cream except there's a dead mouse in the crock.

Roughly speaking, the inferior pictures bulk hugely into two classes. In the first appear the chromos or "spot-knockers," and those of conservative tradition which would aspire to the Academy if they were ably enough painted to interest an Academy jury; in the second come the "revolutionaries." These with few exceptions are not genuine experiments; they are either feeble, meaningless daubs, or they imitate the mannerisms of the great pioneer Modernists. Their roots radiate into divers -isms. Some yearn to bogus mysticism. Others swing back

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The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.

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County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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to "primitive" simplifications. This nostalgia for the primitive leads to the discovery of child prodigies whose work forthwith appears on the walls beside that of adults. Then there are the strivers after novelty who flout the very genius of paint by tricking their pictures with embroidered flowers, pieces of glass, and other gewgaws. All this, year after year, grows very, very dull, and to one who wishes well for the Independents it becomes a little hopeless.

The spirit of exuberant, deliberate buffoonery which characterized past Independent shows is on the wane. That is unfortunate. There ought to be a place in every gallery for satire, caricature, the grotesque. But at any rate, this year the Independents have The Tragic Turnip, which is an excellent bit of drollery. The figure, whose color suggests a carrot rather than a turnip, strives with might and main to wrench itself free of the soil which binds it down. Its glassy eyes protrude and its gaping trap of a mouth yawps with unutterable discontent. God only knows what transcendencies it is yearning toward. It is a surprising and delightful shock. Then, there are some of "Pop" Hart's dry-points and lithographs which reveal the comic spirit. But it is Linding's wood carvings that contribute most to the gaiety of the world. They alone would make a visit to the exhibition worth while. Their creator understands so clearly the limitations and possibilities of the wood as a medium; he never tries to impose upon it a technique which would not be proper to it. He slices broadly, and nails the big comic gesture with swift certainty. It hits one immediately with an irresistible punch. The sodden bar-flies in In Mike's Little Place are superb. And the paunchy bartender! Ribald and bland he stands there—the oracle of the bottle. This figure is really not only a work of art but an historical document as well; it embalms the soul of that departed functionary, the bartender.

Among the bona fide portraits in the exhibition, only a few have any distinction. Notable of these is Claggett Wilson's Portrait of the Princess A. G. It has a beautiful simplicity in the statement of its planes, and its formal elements are thoughtfully coordinated against a suggestive and interesting treatment of background. It forces itself upon one firmly but without ostentation. The portrait by Ben Benn is very competently painted. So, too, is John O'Shea's Pop Hart. The pose of the figure is happily conceived in the interest of character. It is a quaint document that brings a smile of approval to the lips; technically it radiates fluency.

Most of the impressive pictures in this year's display were painted by men and women whose achievements have featured previous exhibitions. Marguerite Zorach's two canvases are finely composed and beautiful in color, and William Zorach's Madonna with its singing blues and blue-greens is as handsome a bit of color as he has ever shown. Bertram Hartman's Autumn Plowing is one of his mellowest harmonies in russet and gold, its dominant rhythmic curves broken at just intervals by the vertical thrusts of silver-stemmed birches. Then there are Glenn Coleman's two compositions to relieve the weary eye. He has seen something worth recording and has recorded it beautifully. His work ripens as time goes on. Walkowitz's monotypes done in sober hues of sepia are worthy examples of this painter's very original talent. John Alger's The Water Gate does not seem to have attracted the attention it deserves. Its clear sweeps of austere color lend to its tonality a unique charm. G. C. Ault's The Engine Room Door is almost as pleasing in its tonal envelope. A nocturne by John Sloan and an interior by Samuel Halpert are both worth more than a passing glance.

The foregoing enumeration, while it makes no pretense of exhausting the worth-while pieces in the show, does, in the reviewer's opinion, cover the most original work and the most superior craftsmanship. But no honest survey of the exhibition could overlook the water-color drawings by Indians of the Southwest, which in a sense stand apart. They are done by untaught contemporaries, of course, and record the rhythms, the costumes, the ritual of the old tribal dances. The instinct of the Indian which worked out appropriate color symbolism and design in the ancient tradition of the various dances survives through the centuries and informs the beautiful expressionism of these young Pueblos. Their subject matter is traditional, but their manner of recording it gives it an aesthetic interest over and above its historical or ethnological value. Their delicate placing of colors in beautiful relations, and the pure intensity of the colors themselves, can scarcely be matched in the Persian miniaturists whom they inevitably suggest. The blues and purples and the dainty traceries of design in The Butterfly Dance, with the spirit of airy grace infused into the rhythmic rendition, make this drawing a primitive masterpiece. Then the artistic justice of the notes of cerise and scarlet in the solemn Birth Ceremony, the yellow tunics and maize-colored head-dresses in the Corn Ceremony! And how solidly the little figures tramp to the thump of the tomtom! These Indian exhibitors are not without a sense of humor, too. There is much comical gusto in the gourmands of the Food Ritual. One's delight in the Indian drawings is by no means dampened by the Tragic Turnip which leans out of the opposite gallery rounding its mouth into a derisive "Blaa!" Its hoodlum hoot *must* spring from the depths of its personal misery; for surely it can't be reviling the Indians.

GLEN MULLIN

Drama

The Circus

IT is all as advertised. There are twenty-four elephants; there are a hundred horses. These beautiful creatures—marvelous in their blending of strength and distinction, delicacy and fire—represent one of the handsomest ideals of the natural man. Hundreds of generations of breeders toiled to produce these perfectly lovely, perfectly useless animals. There are also giraffes looking peacefully down at you and monkeys with gold-circled, anxious eyes. You can see the fret of mortality in their glances. The other beasts, the great cats, may be fierce; they are never troubled. Next to the giraffes, between the antelopes and the boxing kangaroos, are the platforms on which sit the "strange people," the modern super-circus's euphemism for freaks. You see the giants and the midgets who seem healthy and happy and intelligent. You pass on and see a man with three legs, a girl who was born without either arms or legs, an old man whose skin some strange and rare disease has turned to a dark blue. In his insufferably mournful eyes you catch your first hint of what is at the core of the circus. It is cruelty. Not a refined or morbid cruelty. It is the cruelty of the savage and the child.

I hasten to say that I am speaking of the circus as such. I am authoritatively informed that the vast organization of the Messrs. Ringling is a model of its kind, that it embraces two trains of sleeping cars, an extraordinary "cook-house," that it carries a crowd of physicians and veterinarians, and that Mr. Bob Ringling and the Chief Ringmaster eat the same fare that is supplied to the "razor-backs," as the unskilled helpers and stablemen are called. But the look in the eyes of the blue-skinned man is something beyond the reach of modern improvements. The circus is the same old circus still.

The first acts are animal acts. A woman-trainer is in the cage with the tigers and with one black jaguar which has a particularly evil slink. She must see to it that the beasts occupy their proper stations or they will leap upon her from behind. They are in a state of suppressed viciousness. Perhaps it is because this is dress-rehearsal night and the audience, though small, makes the animals nervous after the long quietude of winter quarters. The black jaguar balks, strikes out. The woman trainer cracks her whip over his nose, buries her goad in his gullet, and finally fires a blank cartridge. Sullenly he obeys. But in the iron cage erected in the central ring things are not so simple. The trainer, a man, seems to know from

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the start that the lions are in an ugly mood. In addition to lash and goad and pistol he carries a little chair before him to ward off the threatening paws and fangs. It is useless. A lithe young lioness breaks through his defense, rips up his thigh, and nips him. He staggers, but drags himself backward toward the gate. If he falls and the beasts smell blood, it is over. It is very gallant. The moment the gate is shut behind him, he sinks down unconscious and is carried out by the "razor-backs."

Between the big acts we have comedy. The clowns, the "joeys," come trooping and tumbling in. There is a great deal of whacking and thwacking. And this is almost symbolical. It is the eternal gesture of physical superiority grown quite rigid. One clown is dressed up as an old harridan seeking her truant husband. A bull-dog chases the creature, rips off her skirt, and sends her scurrying to cover. Another clown holds an artificial baby. Milk is pumped into the baby from a tank. The baby swells and swells and bursts. The point of the joke is always the infliction of pain or humiliation. It is all harmless. The rude people and the children who flock to the circus all over the land are normally kindly and human. The fact remains that the fun extracted from the freaks, the wild beasts, the clowning is firmly based on a fundamental instinct of cruelty.

To ward off the subtle depression which this perception brings, one has only to watch the trapeze and equestrian artists. The former are magnificent but monotonous. They all do well and with ease what the Clark brothers, both over sixty, do superbly. There is the full swing out, the double somersault leap, the finishing pirouette, the swing back to the high, little platform. It takes a life-time to become perfect. More varied and vivid are the equestrians tip-toe on the broad, rosined backs of their horses; more thrilling still the Wild West riders who are indescribably agile and full of strength and suppleness. One would like to know these persons. They are not like bruisers. They have made perfect instruments of their bodies and that perfection included, whether in words and consciously or not, the ideal of beauty in its form of constant and unerring grace. Even the fellow with the lasso is not satisfied with his prodigious skill until ease, fleetness, charm are added to the precision of his gestures. Here is the triumph of the body as in the freaks and the clowning there is the image of its defeat. The circus is the theater of the body of man. It is cruel and monotonous. But you do not get a hint of that until you think of the soul. And that, on the assumptions of the circus itself, you have no business to do.

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